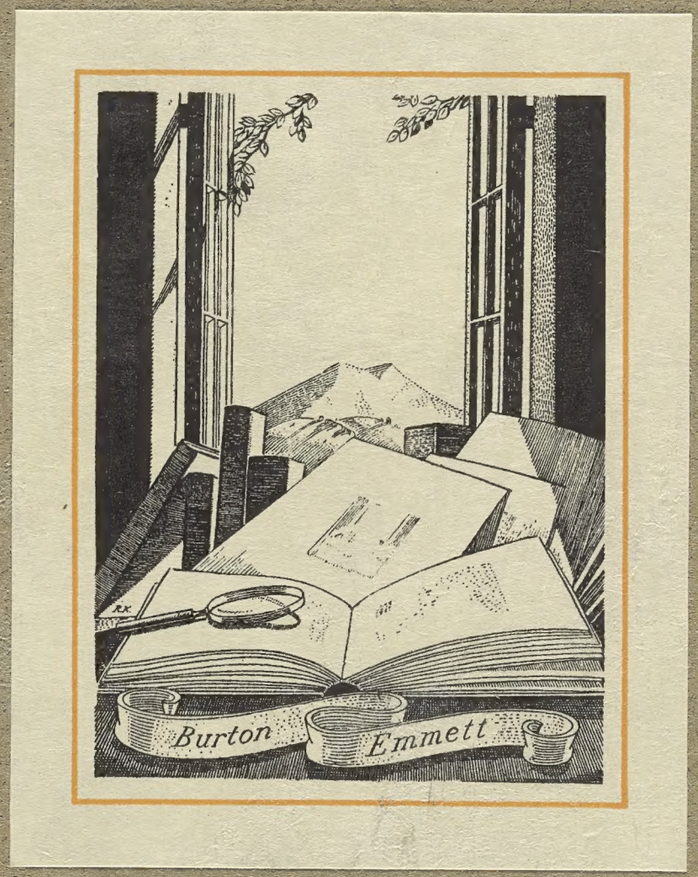
The Page.



Volume One

1898


Burton Emmett



C

To

Burton Emmett

Friend of Prints and Prince of Friends

from

Bruce Rogers

July 22 1928

THE PAGE

Published & Edited by Edward Gordon Craig, at the Sign of the Rose, Hack= bridge, Carshalton, Surrey, England.

Volume One, 1898.



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JANUARY. .
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NUMBER I

A FABLE: COUNT TOLSTOI.

A monkey was carrying two handfuls of peas.
One little pea dropped out.
He tried to pick it up and spilt twenty.
He tried to pick up the twenty and spilt them all.
Then he lost his temper, scattered the peas in all directions and ran away.

REMEMBER

That our anger and impatience often prove much more mischievous than the things about which we are angry or impatient.

That you are like the rest of the world and faulty yourself in a great many ways: that though you may not commit some sins it is not for want of inclination, and that nothing but cowardice, vanity, or some such base principle hinders you from sinning.

That gentleness is invincible provided it is of the right stamp, without anything of hypocrisy or malice.

Marcus Aurelius.



A WOODCUT.

OLIVIA.

CONCERNING HAMLET.

Extract from a letter written by a gentlewoman at the court of Elsinor to a friend in England. The letter is dated January, 1012.

". . . . All this had made me very miserable, and I was roaming through the palace to-day when I came across the Prince. He was lying low down in a large chair filled with red cushions: his back was towards me but I saw he was biting the nails from one hand whilst with the other he drew caricatures of his uncle on a copy of a play which is to be performed here to-night. This amused him for some time for he talked rapidly as he drew and seemed mightily pleased with himself.

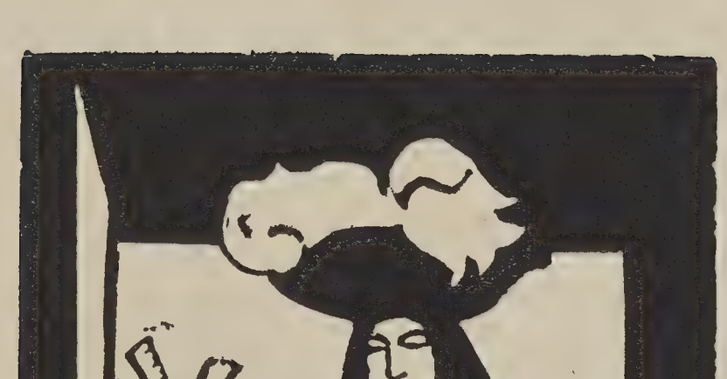
All at once he brushed the book from his knees, took in his breath through his teeth, rose, flung out his arms and burst into tears. As he stood there he seemed like one crucified: and so heartrending was his cry that I forgot all my own trouble at once and could have run to minister to him. I was near doing so when I saw him lean towards a mirror and gaze with eagerness at the reflection of his own grief holding the expression for quite a long while as if studying it. Then he laughed and then I came away.

But for all this *I* would not have called him mad as they do here. . . . ."





SUB-EDITOR:



A MARSHAL.

A WOODCUT.



BOOKPLATE.
THE PRORERTY OF
MR. GORDON CRAIG.



BOOKPLATE.

Although the literature in this number has most of it been printed over and over again, still we think we cannot do better than print it once more. The illustrations are however original and are designed and cut in our offices.

Each month we shall publish two bookplates, one already in use and one looking for a master.

Occasionally we shall print an example of a menu (a wood=cut). The menu would be glad of a master or mistress.

They can be purchased from the offices.

All communications must be addressed to 15, Market Place, Kingston=on=Thames.



THE EDITOR.

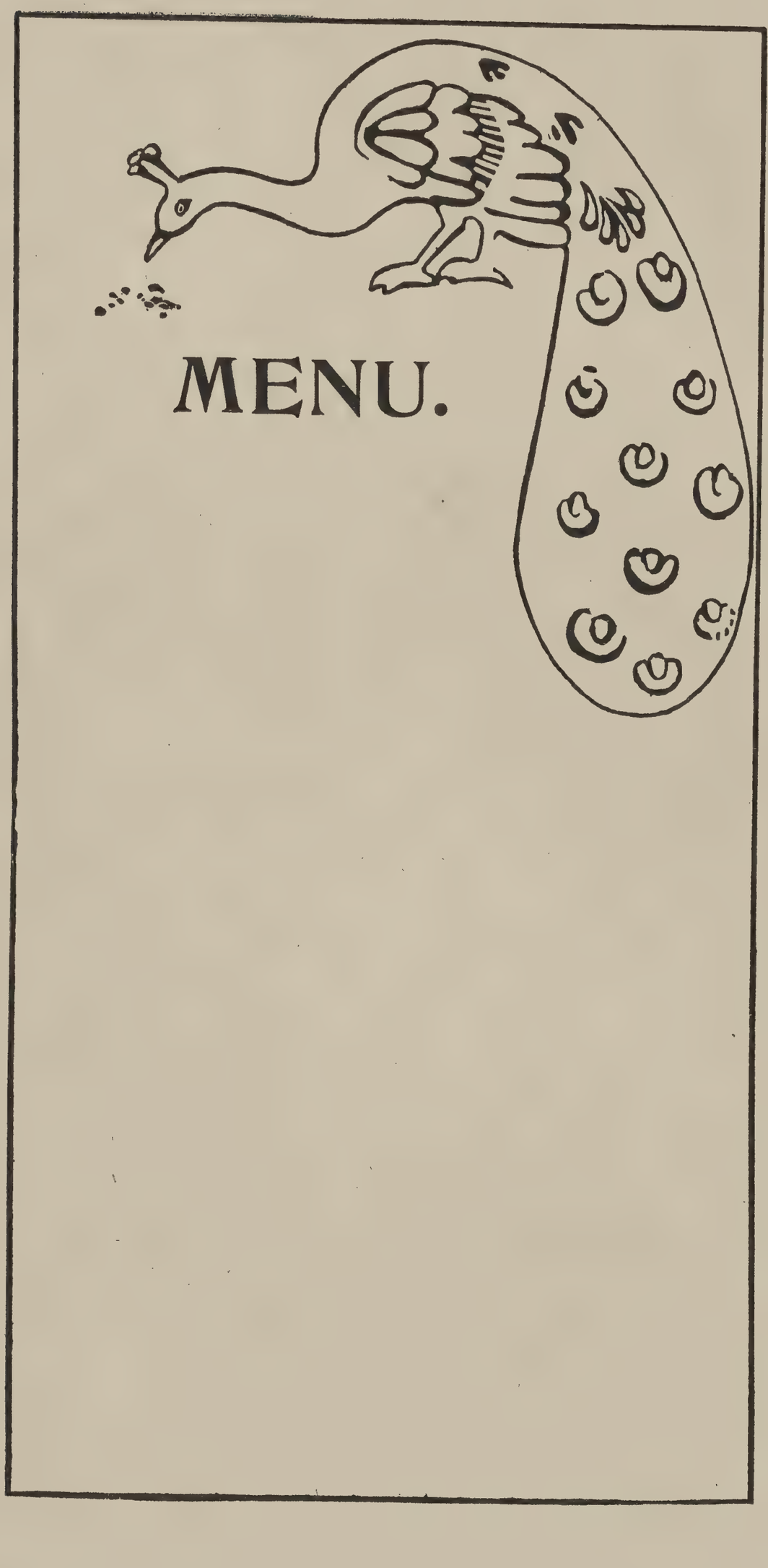
A WOODCUT.

THE PAGE

The price of a copy of THE PAGE is ONE SHILLING AND TWO PENCE, post free to all who are not SUBSCRIBERS.

There will be only a limited number of copies printed each month, every copy being numbered. We present this month a hitherto unpublished bookplate designed for and used by MISS ELLEN TERRY. Bookplate *collectors* can obtain copies of the same by applying to the SUB-EDITOR, 15, Market Place, Kingston-on-Thames.

FEBRUARY.
VOLUME I.
NUMBER II.
1898.



MENU.



A MUSKETEER, 1630.
A WOOD BLOCK.

SCHOOL SCENES AT YAS NAYA POLYANA.

BY COUNT TOLSTOI.

We have no beginners. The youngest class reads, writes, solves problems in the first three rules of arithmetic, and repeats sacred history. Before I speak of the methods of instruction I must give a short description of the school and its present conditions.

We have four instructors. Two are veterans, having already taught two years in the school; they are accustomed to the pupils, to their work, and to the freedom and apparent lawlessness of the school.

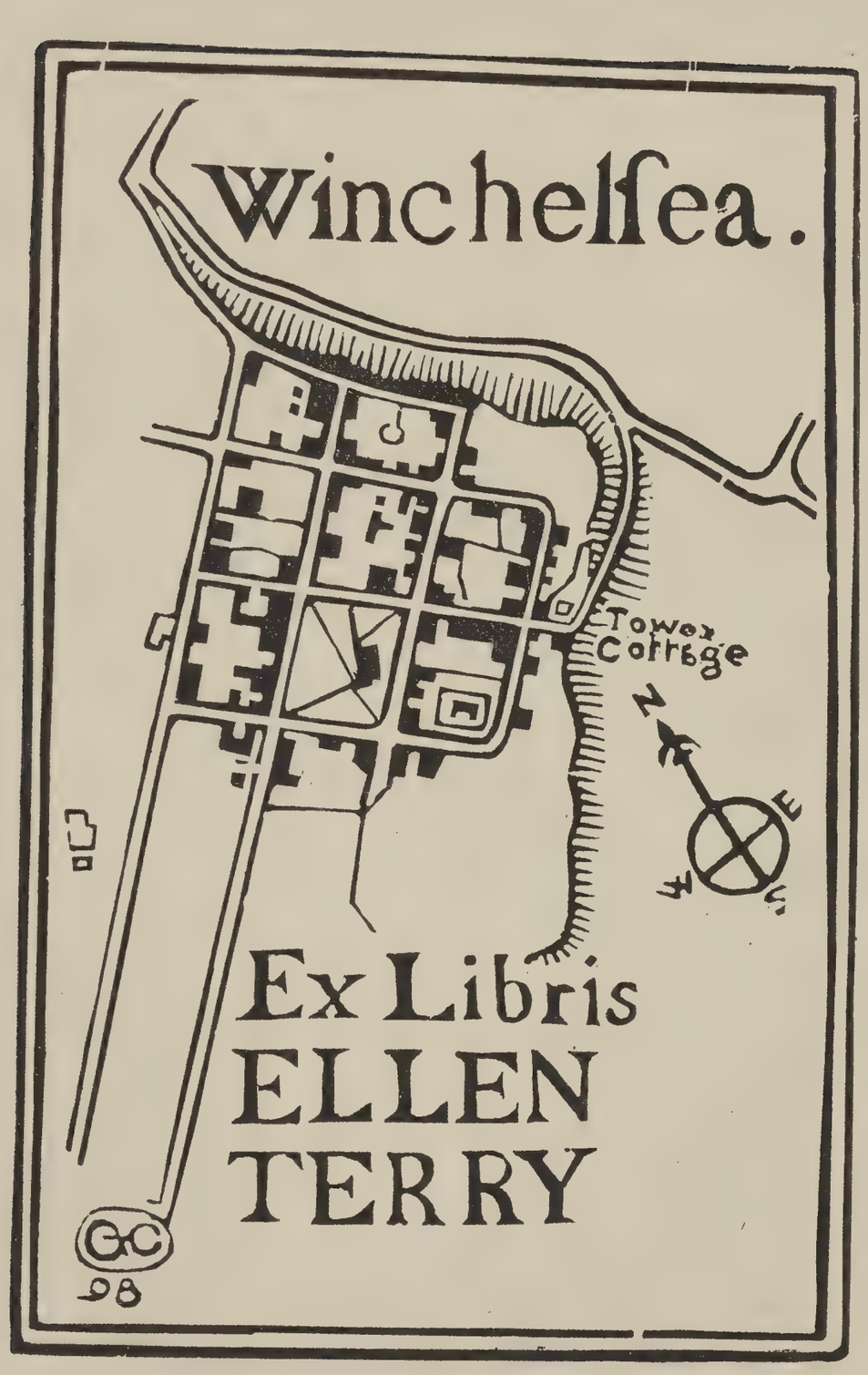
Two of the teachers are new; both of them are recent graduates and lovers of outward propriety, of rules and bells and programmes and the like, and not used to the life of the school as the first two are. What to the first seems reasonable, necessary, impossible to be otherwise, seems to the new teachers sheer disorder. ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦ The school is installed in a two-storied stone house. Two rooms are devoted to the institution; the library has one, the teachers have two.

At the porch, under the eaves, hangs a little bell with a cord tied to its tongue; in the entry downstairs are bars and other gymnastic apparatus; in the upper entry is a workbench. The stairs and entries are apt to be tracked over with snow or mud. The order of exercises is as follows:—At eight o'clock the teacher who lives in the building, who is a lover of outward order and is the director of the school, sends one of the lads who almost always spends the night in the building, to ring the bell.

In the village the lamps are lighted. Already in the school-house windows lights have long been visible, and within half-an-hour after the bell ringing, whether it be misty or rainy, or under the slanting rays of the autumn sun, there will be seen crossing the rolling country—the village is separated from the school by a ravine—dark little figures in twos or threes or separately. They bring nothing with them—no books and no copy-books. They are not required to study their lessons at home.

Not only do they bring nothing in their hands, but nothing in their heads either. The scholar is not obliged to remember anything that he may have learned the evening before. The thought about his approaching lesson does not disturb him. He brings only himself, his receptive nature, and the conviction that school to-day will be just as gay as it was the evening before.

TO BE CONTINUED.



BOOKPLATE: THE PROPERTY OF MISS ELLEN TERRY.



BOOKPLATE :
PROPERTY OF
MISS EDITH CRAIG.



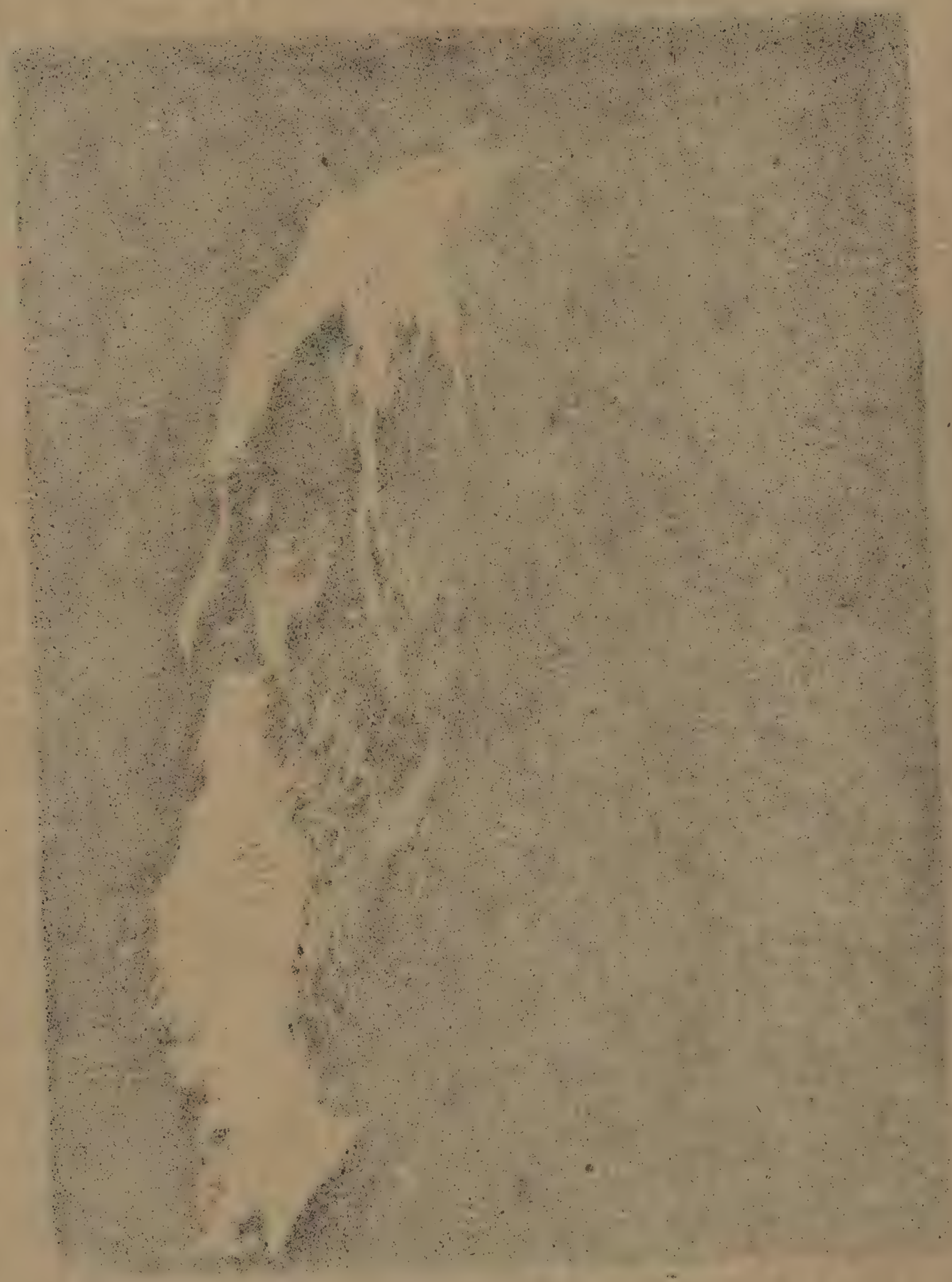
BOOKPLATE :
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MISS LUCY WILSON.





TWO DESIGNS
FOR BOOKPLATES.

WALT WHITMAN.



The Page



NOTICE. In future all communications to be addressed: The Editor, 15, Market Place, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

MARCH, VOLUME I.
NUMBER III.
1898.



ILLUSTRATION TO A NOVEL BY DUMAS. ☙ A WOODCUT.

TO ROBIN.

AT DINNER.

Robin with the dark brown eyes,—
  Eyes that look us through with scorn,
What's the power you utilize
  That makes us wish we'ed ne'er been born?

Do you really think that three
  Is an age at which to flout us,—
Don't you realize that we,
  Feel it hard that you should doubt us?

Robin, what monastic cell
  Held your former life and being,
You can *see* so very well
  Things we others fail in *seeing*?

Were you not in other times
  Once a Jesuit devout,
Conscious of unacted crimes
  In the people round about?

Pray, do let us once more feel
  We've a right to laugh or weep,
So, when you have done your meal
  Do, in mercy go to sleep.





ARAMIS IN PARIS:
A WOODCUT.

SCHOOL SCENES AT YAS NAYA POLYANA. CONTINUED.

The scholar does not think about his class until his class begins. No one is ever held to account for being late, and so they are not tardy, unless it is one of the older ones who is detained by his parents on account of some work. And then this lad comes running to school at a breakneck pace. If it happen that the teacher has not yet come, they gather round the entrance dancing their heels upon the steps. If it be cold they spend their time while waiting for the teacher in reading, writing, or romping.

The girls do not interfere with the boys. When the boys have anything to do with the girls, they always make com=mon cause together.

"Hullo, girls, wont you go sliding," or "Is'nt it cold girls?" or "Here all you girls, chase me!"

Only one of the little girls, ten years old, a domestic of great capability, perhaps ven=tures to leave the group. And the boys behave as with an equal—as with a boy, only they add courtesy, modesty and self=restraint.

TO BE CONTINUED.



FOR A HEADPIECE TO A BOOK.



BOOKPLATE:
THE PROPERTY OF
MISS NORMAN.



A BOOKPLATE :
A WOODCUT.



BOOKPLATE OF
MARTIN SHAW :
A WOODCUT.



ROSIE : A WOODCUT.



A WOODCUT.

I travel on not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk with God in the dark,
Than go alone in the light.
I would rather walk with him by faith
Than pick my way by sight.

THE PAGE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE CONTAINING ORIGINAL PROSE, POETRY, WOODCUTS, MUSIC, BOOK-PLATES, MENUS, &c.

Published in aid of The League of Pity to Subscribers at the following rates—For Twelve months, *Seven Shillings*: for Six months, *Three Shillings and Sixpence*. Each copy is numbered and there is only a limited number of copies printed each month.

A Prize of A Guinea will be awarded to anyone who obtains the greatest number of subscribers to The Page.

A Second Prize of Half-a-Guinea will be also given. The prizes will be withheld unless the number of competitors exceed fifteen.

ORDER FORM: Please send me each month a copy of The Page for Twelve or Six months.

NAME.	FULL ADDRESS.	MONTHS.

Name and Address of the Collector : .....

.....

Paste this carefully on a card before getting it filled up.

To be sent to the Editor of The Page before Saturday, April 23rd, 1898.

THE PAGE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. NUM. IV. APRIL, 1898.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

We intend publishing a series of Portraits of the Great Actors in several disguises.

The portraits will be designed, cut on wood, printed and sold at our offices. The series will contain portraits of Edmund Kean, Henry Irving, David Garrick, Eleanora Duse, Rachel Sarah Bernhardt, Sarah Siddons, Ellen Terry, John Philip Kemble and a very few others.

Full particulars can be obtained by applying to the Sub-Editor, Ashwell House, St. Albans. As there will be only a very limited number of sets printed, application should be made as early as possible.

We believe this is the usual way of putting it.



A PORTRAIT.
A WOODCUT.

SCHOOL SCENES AT YAS NAYA POLYANA. CONTINUED.

SCHOOL BEGINS.

We begin with mechanical reading for the youngest class; then on with graded reading; and lastly with mathematics. The teacher goes into the class room and finds the children rolling or scuffling on the floor, and yelling at the top of their voices: "You're choking me!"; "Stop pulling my hair!"; or "Hold on, that'll do!"

"Piótr Mikhaïlovitch" cries a voice from under the heap, as the teacher enters, "make him stop."

"Good evening Piótr Mikhäilovitch," shout the rest, making more noise.

The teacher takes the books, and gives them out to those who have come to the bureau. First those on top of the heap on the floor, then those underneath, want a book. The heap gradually disappears. As soon as the majority have their books, all the others run to the bureau crying, "Me one!; me one!"

"Give me the one I had last evening!"

If there happen to be any two scufflers left struggling, then those who have taken their

places with their books shout: "What are you so slow for? You make so much noise we can't hear anything! Be quiet!" The enthusiastic fellows soon come to order; and breathing hard, run after their books, and only for the first moment or two does their dying excitement show itself in an occasional movement of a leg. The spirit of war takes its flight, and the spirit of learning holds sway in the room. With the same enthusiasm with which the boy had been pulling Milka's hair, he now reads his book, with teeth

almost shut together, with eager eyes, and forgetting everything but his book.

It would require as much strength to tear him from his reading, as it required before to get him away from his scuffling.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE ROOM.

The pupils sit just where they choose — either on benches, chairs, on the window sill, on the floor or in the arm chair. The girls always sit by themselves. Friends, those from the same village, and especially the little ones, are always together, for there is more comradeship among them.

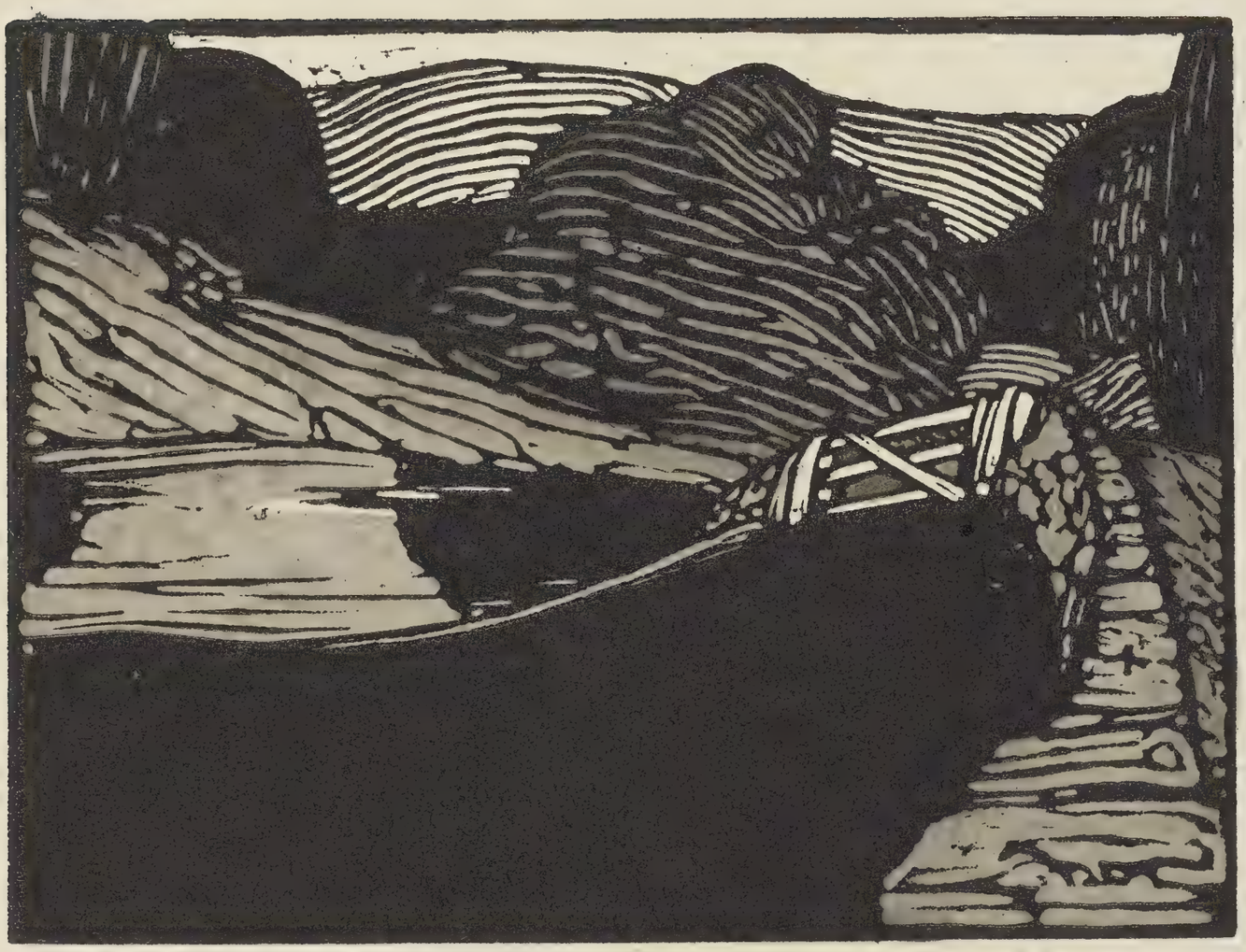
As soon as one of them chooses a certain corner, all his fellows, pushing and diving under the forms, manage to get to the same place. There they sit in a row, and as they glance round they show such expression of perfect happiness and content in the faces, as though nothing in all the rest of their lives could ever give them so much pleasure as to sit in those special places.

The large arm chair, from the moment they enter the room becomes an object of envy for all the most independant personalities. As soon as one makes a motion to occupy the

arm chair, another will recognize by the expression of his face that such a plan is developing, and the two of 'em rush for it.

One presses the other hard, and the one who is distanced hang his head; but as soon as he begins to read, he, like all the rest, is wholly carried away by his work.

TO BE CONTINUED.



THE WHITE GATE, EDNEL, CUMBERLAND.
A WOODCUT.



AFTER MUSIC:
A WOODCUT.



A WOODCUT.



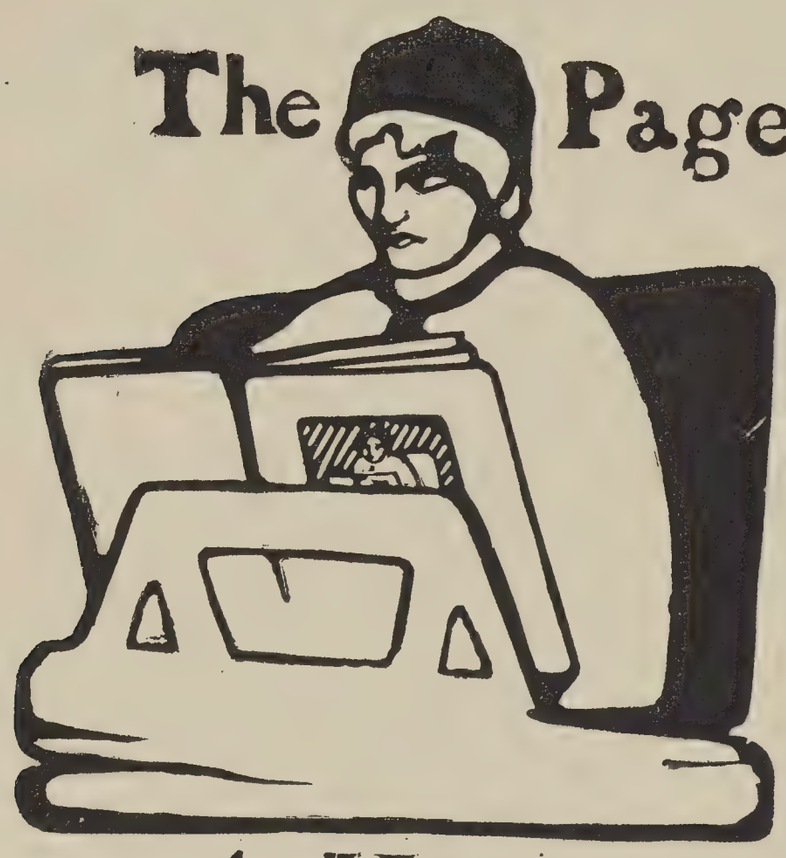
THE TWO FRIENDS :
A WOODCUT.



AN ILLUSTRATION TO A NOVEL BY DUMAS. A WOODCUT.


C R
1660

The Page



A Magazine
Ashwell House
St Albans: Herts:

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Prizes offered to subscribers in the March number have been gained by nobody. The competition is therefore closed.

MAY. VOLUME I.
NUMBER V. 1898.

C R REMEMBER C R REMEMBER C R REMEMBER



ILLUSTRATION TO A NOVEL BY DUMAS. A WOODCUT.

SCHOOL SCENES AT YAS NAYA POLYANA. CONTINUED.

The two smaller classes are put by themselves in one room; the older students are in another. When the teacher goes to the first class, all get round him at the blackboard, or climb on the table or benches. Sometimes the teacher and the pupils get carried away and instead of one hour the class lasts three. And then very often the pupils cry out "More! More! More!"

Of the things which bore them they cry out contemptuously "That's stupid—take it to the little 'uns."

In the class for religious instruction all the pupils come together. Liveliness, racket, and disorder are the rule of the

day; one drags benches from one room into the other, another scuffles, another borrows something, another begins gymnastic exercises; but just the same as in the tumult of the morning, it is far more easy to bring order out of chaos by leaving them to their natural impulses, than by ordering them by main force.

To restrict them would be a physical impossibility. The louder the teacher shouts—this has been tried—the louder the scholars yell; his voice just excites them. If you try to quiet them, this sea of youths will begin to rage more and more, then come to rest. But for the most part it is not necessary to say anything.

TO BE CONTINUED.



BRYAN DE MONSOREAU.
CHIEF HUNTSMAN TO HENRY III OF FRANCE.
AN ILLUSTRATION TO A NOVEL BY DUMAS.



A Portrait.

A WOODCUT.

QUEEN VICTORIA BORN
XXIV. DAY OF MAY, **1819.**

This is the birth month of the greatest lady of the century. When any lady is so fortunate as to become the mother of a people she ceases to be a lady —she becomes a date. Disregarding sex out of the corner of our eye, here is the best example. **1066** was a fine French gentleman with but one fault, a red-headed son, who became **1087.** In the successor's nom-de-trône lies the triumph or defeat of the predecessor. With our great good gracious Sovereign it would seem to be an unending triumph.

WALT WHITMAN, DEMOCRAT, BORN XXXI DAY OF MAY, **1819.**

The greatest man of the century; the greatest and most splendid of all poets. "The Song of Myself." "Song of Joys." "Song of the Rolling Earth."

Who else can sing like this man? It is well therefore to remember the day of his birth. It is better to read his poems. This is how one goes:

"I am the poet of the body and I am the
poet of the soul,
The pleasures of heaven are with me
and the pains of hell are with me.
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into a new
tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as
the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman
as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than
the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation and pride,
We have had ducking and depreciating
about enough,
I show that size is only development.

I am he that walks with the tender and
growing night,
I call to the earth and sea half held by
the night.

Press close bare-bosom'd night—press
close magnetic nourishing night!
Night of south winds—night of the large
few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer
night.

Endless unfolding of words of ages!
And mine a word of the modern, the
word en masse.

A word of the faith that never balks,
Here or hence forward it is all the same
to me, I accept Time absolutely.

It alone is without flaw, it alone rounds
and completes all,
That mystic baffling wonder alone
completes all.

I accept Reality and dare not question it,
Materialism first and last imbuing."

Splendid words these!! Let me then at once advertise the book from which this comes. Its a delight to me to do so. "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 24, Bedford Street, Strand. Price two shillings. Amazing!



C

MENU.


C R
1660

The Page

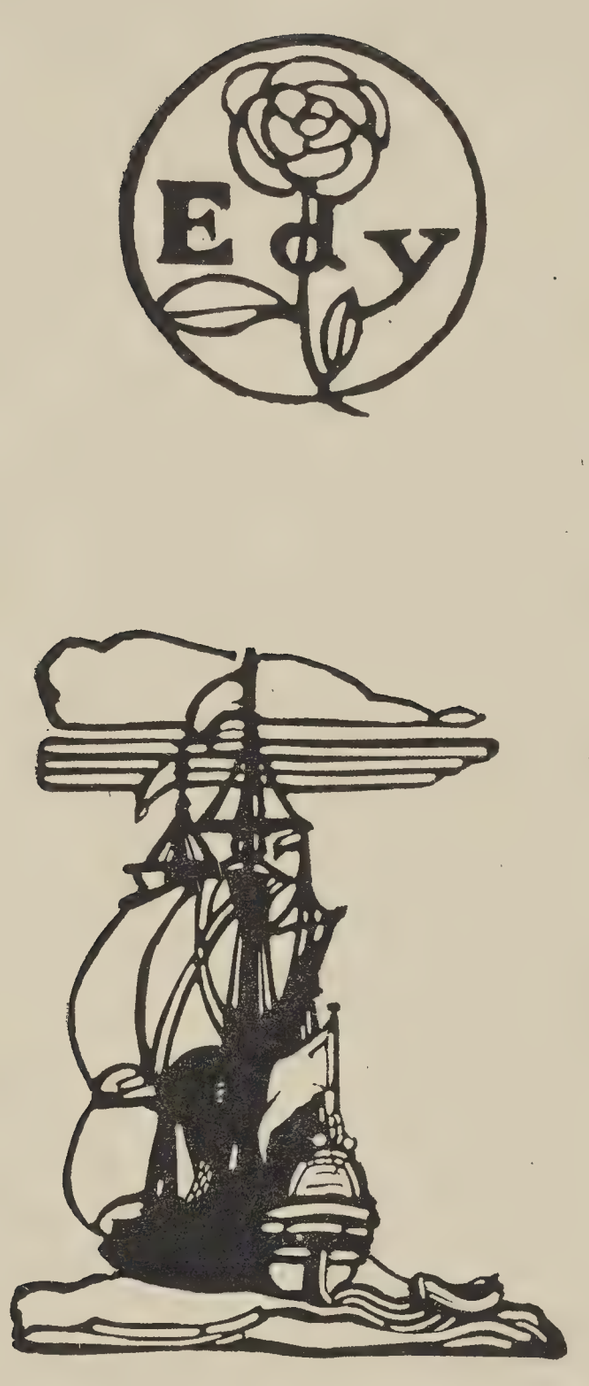


AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

With the June number of The Page is presented a woodcut of Miss Ellen Terry, newly imprinted in its original form, and coloured by hand.

Copies can be obtained by non-subscribers to the Page for One Guinea.

VOLUME ONE.
NUMBER VI.
JUNE, 1898.



DESIGNS FOR TWO
BOOKPLATES.

SCHOOL SCENES AT YAS NAYA POLYANA. CONTINUED.

A FIGHT.

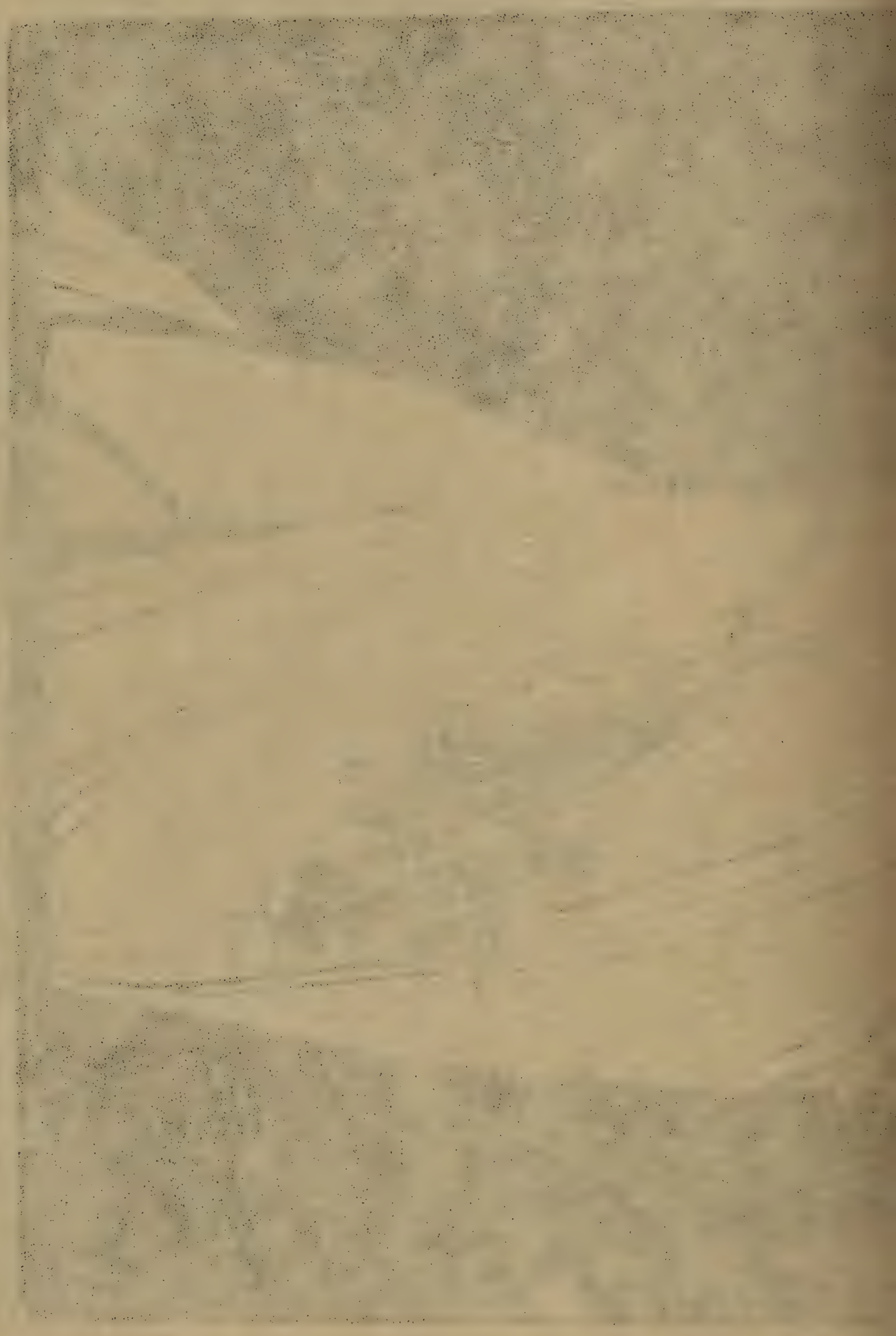
As the boys are subjected to laws that are simply natural and based upon common sense, they do not rebel; if they were subjected to our old system of interference, they would have no belief in the legality of our rules.

How many times, when children were fighting, have I chanced to see the teacher hasten to separate them, and the foes glare at each other even more fiercely in the presence of a stern teacher than they did before; how many times a day have I seen some Kiriushka set





MISS ELLEN TERRY AS OPHELIA, 1898. E. G. C.



his teeth and fly at Taraska, pull his hair, throw him on the ground, and apparently try to maim or annihilate his enemy, and then in another moment this same Taraska would be laughing at Kiriushka, and in the course of another five minutes they would have made friends and gone off to sit together. 🍒 🍒 🍒 🍒 🍒

Not long ago two lads grappled in a corner. One was a remarkable mathematician, ten years old, of the second class; the other, a clever, but quick tempered boy—very small in statue—called Kuiska. 🍒 🍒 🍒

Kuiska had caught the mathematician's long hair, and was

holding him with his head against the wall. The mathematician was clutching in vain at Kuiska's shorn bristles. Kuiska's black eyes were full of triumph. The mathematician could barely hold back his tears and he cried out: "Now then! what! what!" but he was evidently having a bad time of it and was only trying to be heroic. This had been going on for some time and I was undecided what to do.

A fight! a fight! yelled the boys and they crowded round the corner. The little ones laughed, but the big boys, though they did not attempt to separate the combatants, looked

at them very seriously, and their looks and silence did not fail to have an effect upon Kuiska. ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦ He became conscious that he was doing wrong, and a smile began to creep over his face, and gradually he let go of the mathematician's hair. The mathematician suddenly twitched himself away and gave Kuiska a blow which sent him against the wall, and then, being entirely quit of him, he ran away. ❦ ❦ ❦ Kuiska burst into tears, darted in pursuit of his foe, and struck him with all his might on the Shuba, but did not hurt him. The mathematician was going

to pay him back, but at that moment a host of dissuasive voices cried out "See, he hits a smaller boy! Off with you Kuiska!"

And so the affair ended as though it had not been at all except for the disagreeable consciousness that each had of having fought unfairly, because both had been hurt.

TO BE CONTINUED.



A WOODCUT

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I once saw a young man play Romeo. This is how he played the 1st scene—it is worth recording for this is the scene which generally sends the audience into maudlin thoughts or a deep sleep. The moment he appeared I began to laugh, not that he had a funny face or wore red ribbons, but because I saw something so tragical=comical that had I not laughed I should have been unfit to sit out the piece. He looked for all the world like a man in a fix, and as he moved this way and that, the fix stuck to him, and he seemed to become

persuaded into accepting himself as a sufferer.

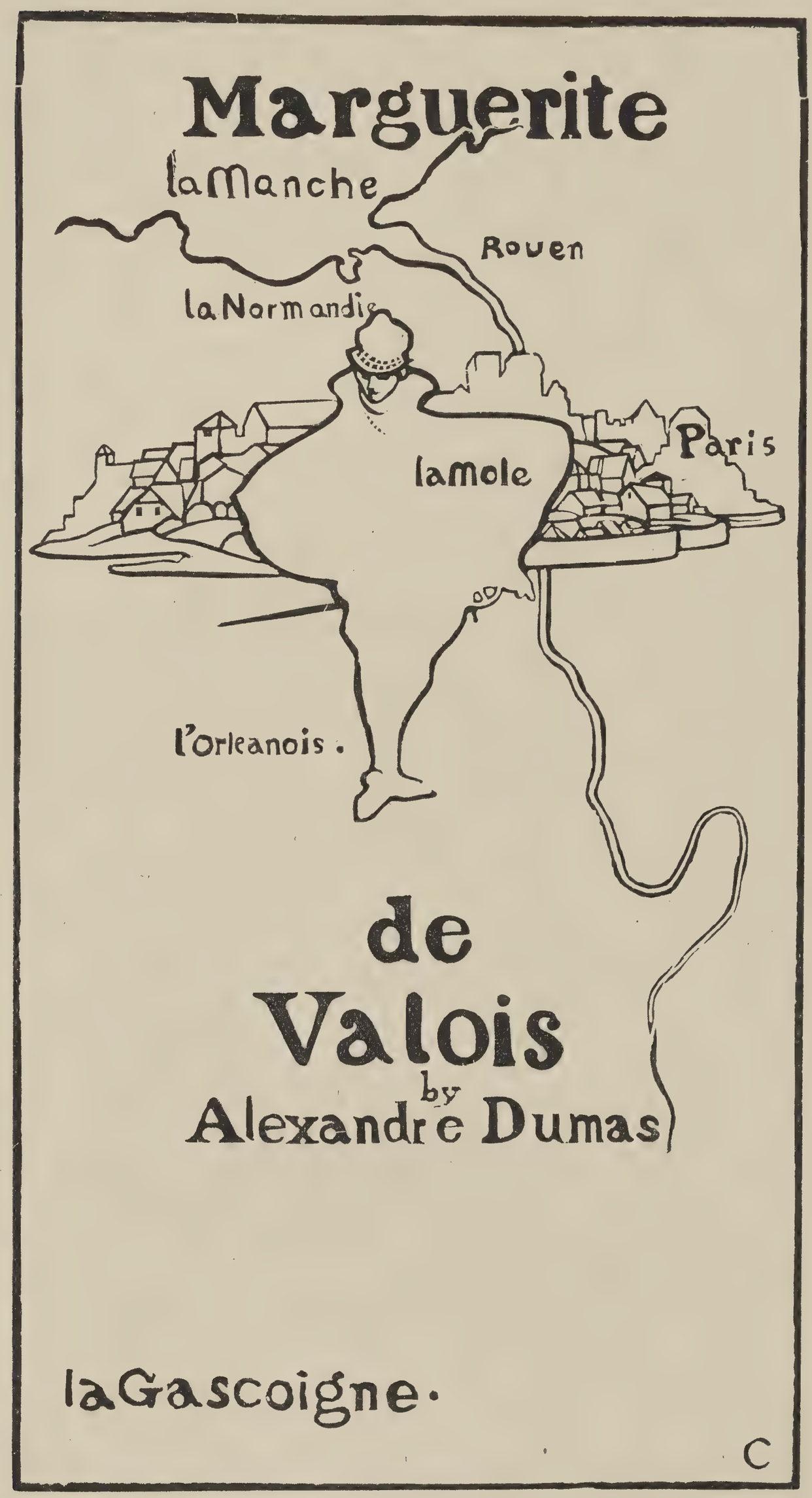
When he replied to Benvolio with a smile and the words "Is the day so young?" I heard my neighbour mutter, "Although the poor young man looks and speaks so badly there is no need to laugh at him." I was not laughing at him, I was laughing for Romeo. I felt he would have laughed and would laugh later. Then I watched the rest as well as I could.

He was a magnificent actor. Of this I am sure. He gave me to understand at his first word that he no more loved Rosaline than he loved me and this is what I fell to laughing about.

He grew so angry about every-
thing and sighed so often and
at each sigh he grew paler and
paler and rose and sat and rose
again, and fumbled with his
fingers, and saw nothing with
his eyes and looked so hungry
and so sick.

By the time he had played half
the scene the rest of the
audience began to smile and
then to laugh and sigh—both
loudly—and as the scene closed
the laughter, sighs, and applause
rang out, and I was in tears.
The actor had done what he
wanted to do: had shaken me
after having played on me and
had amused the rest into declar-
ing he was clever. This is why

they shouted and laughed, and why I felt a lump in my throat. The rest of the play was as good as the beginning, but to me this first calf=love act laughed itself into my body and soul so terribly that I shall never forget it, nor ever laugh at a boy's love again.



FRONTISPIECE TO A NOVEL BY DUMAS. A WOODCUT.



A BOOKPLATE.
A WOODCUT.



NOTICE. In future all communications to be addressed: The Editor, 15, Market Place, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

JULY, VOLUME I.
NUMBER VII.
1898.



AN ILLUSTRATION TO A NOVEL OF DUMAS. A WOODCUT.

SCHOOL SCENES AT YAS NAYA POLYANA. CONTINUED.

A sentiment of justice prevails in the crowd. How many affairs are settled in such a way that one cannot make out the principles on which the settlement is made, and yet satisfaction is given to both sides! ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

"You are both to blame! Down on your knees!" says the disciplinarian; and he is wrong because one is to blame, and this one is triumphant as he kneels and chews the end of his not wholly evaporated passion, and the innocent is doubly and therefore unjustly punished. ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

Leave them alone I say, and watch how everything comes

out all right and explains itself as simply and naturally and at the same time with just as much variety and complication as all the unconscious relations of life.

But perhaps teachers who have not had experience of such disorder or free order, will think that without disciplinary interference physically injurious consequences will result; that they will break each other's limbs or kill each other.

Nothing ever happened, unless perhaps once a week someone cried, and that not from pain, but vexation. Of blows and bruises we cannot recall a single one all the summer

among thirty or forty pupils, though they were left entirely to their own guidance.

I believe that the best policy and discipline of a school is gained by entrusting the pupils with full powers to learn and to behave as they please.

TO BE CONTINUED.



LINES BY AN UNCONSCIONABLY YOUNG MAN.

The alligator whines upon my bed.
My whistling soul whistles about the
alligator's head.
The alligator moans and groans upon my bed,
And wishes for the alligator land. T.F.



A WOODCUT DESIGN FOR A POSTER.

QUOTATIONS.

The best way of revenge is not to imitate the injury.

A man misbehaves himself towards me: what is that to me? The action is his, and the disposition that led him to it is his, and therefore let him look to it. *Marcus Aurelius*

I do not know that there is anything in the world which has more difficulty in obtaining praise than that which is most worthy of approbation. Next to a faculty of discernment, diamonds and pearls are the rarest things in the world. *La Bruyère*

Do you think I suspect death? if I were to suspect death I should die now.

Do you think I could walk pleasantly and well-suited towards annihilation.

Pleasantly and well-suited I walk,

Whither I walk I cannot define, but I know it is good,

The whole universe indicates that it is good.

The past and the present indicate that it is good.

How beautiful and perfect, are the animals!

How perfect the earth, and the minutest thing upon it!

What is called good is perfect, and what is called bad is just as perfect,

The vegetables and minerals are all perfect, and the imponderable fluids perfect;

Slowly and surely they have pass'd on to this, and slowly and surely they yet pass on.

I swear I think now that everything without exception has an eternal soul!

The trees have, rooted in the ground! the weeds of the sea have! the animals!

I swear I think there is nothing but immortality!

That the exquisite scheme is for it! and the nebulous float is for it! and the cohering is for it!

And all preparation is for it—and identity is for it—and life and materials are altogether for it.

Walt Whitman.



COCK IN BOOTS A SIGN FOR AN INN.



DESIGN FOR A POSTER.

THE PAGE.

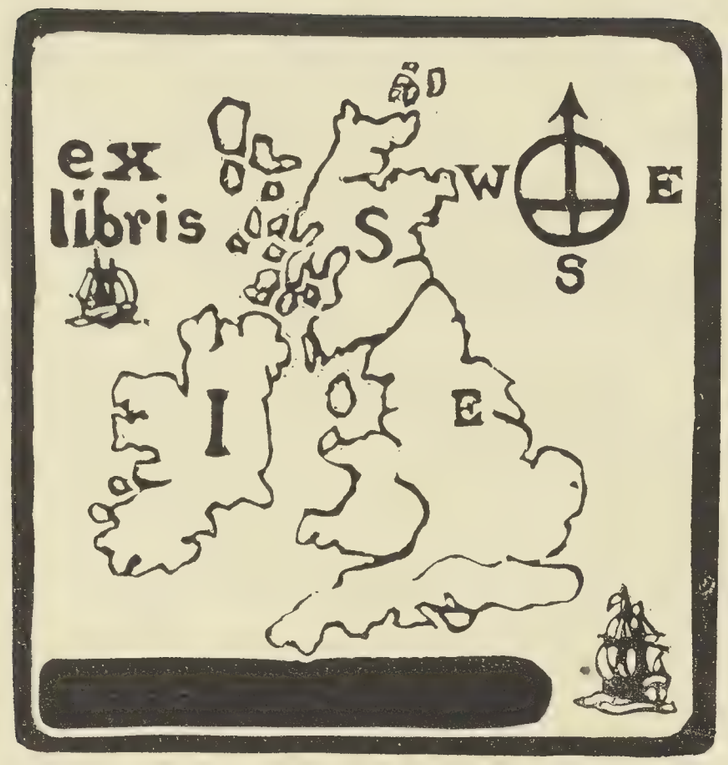
AUGUST. VOLUME I. NUMBER VIII.

We beg to call your attention to our new address. In future, kindly send all communications to

The Editor of The Page,
At the Sign of the Rose,
Hackbridge,
Surrey.



1898.



DESIGN FOR A BOOK-PLATE.

CONCERNING CONFECTIONERY,

BY GUGLIELMO CARRIN,

ORNAMENTAL CONFECTIONER AT MESSRS. GUNTER'S IN THE TIME OF KING GEORGE IV.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS BOOK, ...
"THE ITALIAN CONFECTIONER, OR .
COMPLETE ECONOMY OF DESSERTS." .

Confectioners, in general, have seven essential degrees of boiling sugar, or basis of their art:

(1) LE LISSE, or thread, large or small.
(2) LE PERLE, or pearl; . . . . .
(3) LE SOUFFLET, the blow; . . . .
(4) LA PLUME, the feather; . . . .
(5) LE BOULET, the ball, large or small;
(6) LE CASSE, the crack; and . . .
(7) The CARAMEL. . . . . .



THE VAGABONDS. A WOODCUT



A THREAD. Dip the tip of your fore-finger into the syrup, and apply it to your thumb; on parting them, you will find a thread, which will break at a little distance, and remain as a drop on the finger. ● ●

A PEARL. When you separate your thumb and finger, and the thread reaches, without breaking, from one to the other, it is the SMALL PEARL; if the finger and thumb be stretched to their utmost extent, and the thread remain unbroken, it is the LARGE PEARL. ● ● ● ●

A BLOW may be known by dipping the skimmer into the sugar, shaking it, and blowing through the holes; if, in doing this, sparks of light or bubbles be seen, we may be sure of a blow. ● ● ● ● ●

A FEATHER. The larger and greater quantity of bubbles when blown through the skimmer are the LARGE FEATHER. ● ● ● ● ●

A BALL. Dip your finger into a glass of cold water, then into your sugar, and into the water again; if you make your sugar into a small ball, it is the SMALL BALL; when larger, and harder, it is the GREAT BALL. ● ● ● ● ● ●

A CRACK. Dip the same finger into the sugar, and on taking it out, if the sugar that adheres to it breaks in your finger, with a slight noise, it is A CRACK. Boil it again, and if it breaks on plunging your finger into the water, is is the GREAT CRACK; you must be very attentive, for it passes rapidly to CARAMEL, and will burn, if not attended to, in a minute.

A CARAMEL. When the sugar is at the CRACK, add to it five or six drops of lemon juice to prevent its graining. When boiled, take it from the fire and put the bottom of the pan into cold water to prevent its burning. The production of Caramel we wish to obtain, we must use lemon juice cautiously, as too large a quantity would spoil the sugar. If no lemon juice be at hand a few drops of vinegar, honey, or butter will smooth the sugar.

BARBERRY MARMALADE.

One pound of Barberries one pound of sugar.

Mash the barberries in a little water on a warm stove; pass them through a hair sieve with a spaddle; weigh the pulp, and put it back on the fire; reduce it to one half; take a pound of loaf sugar, clarify it, and boil it to a FEATHER; put in the pulp, and boil it together for a few minutes.

CHERRY MARMALADE.

Two pounds of Cherries, one pound of sugar.

Choose two pounds of very ripe cherries, of a fine colour, take out the stones and stalks, put them into a pan on the fire, and reduce them nearly one half. Clarify two pounds of loaf sugar, and boil it to the LITTLE CRACK; add the pulp, and mix it in well; put it back on the fire, and stir it with the spaddle; when you can easily see the bottom of the pan you may be certain of its being done enough.

TO BE CONTINUED.



DESIGN FOR A POSTER. A WOOD-CUT.



A FARM HOUSE. BENHALL, SUFFOLK.



A BOOKPLATE. A WOOD-CUT.



A BOOKPLATE.
A WOODCUT.



CHICOT. A WOODCUT.

QUOTATIONS

Never allow your mind to dwell on your own misconduct: that is ruin. The conscience has morbid sensibilities, it must be employed but not indulged, like the imagination or the stomach. Shut your eyes hard against the recollection of your sins. Do not be afraid, you will not be able to forget them. You will always do wrong, you must get used to that.

R.L.STEVENSON

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.

R.W.EMERSON



A POSTER. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF THE DOME, A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, LONDON.



GORENFLOT. A WOOD-CUT.



CONCERNING CONFECTIONARY::::
by Guglielmo Farrin, Ornamental Confectioner at Messrs Gunter's in the reign of King George Fourth

CHESTNUT COMPOTE.

Roaſt your cheſtnuts, peel them clean, and flatten them a little with your hands; put them in syrup, & warm them a little on the fire, that the syrup may penetrate; add a little lemon-juice & put them in the compotiers; sprinkle them over with powder sugar, & glaze them with a salamander.

DRY MERINGUES.

TWELVE WHITES OF EGGS & ONE POUND OF SUGAR.

Beat up the whites of eggs; when firm, add a pound of powder sugar with what essence you please; lay

out the paste with a spoon into the shape of half a large egg, on sheets of paper; cover them with sugar sifted through a silk sieve, & blow away the surplus sugar. Have a board, about two inches in thickness on which you put the meringues to bake as they must receive no heat but from the top; when they are of a fine colour take them from the papers, beat in with the back of a spoon, the liquid part to form a hollow, & put them back in oven &

dry the inside, which is to be filled with a cream or jelly at pleasure, to be put in the moment you serve them up. Meringues are varied in taste & form, & may be ornamented with pistachios cut in fillets, & stuck in them: or currants or almonds may be added

STRAWBERRY COMPOTE::::::::::

The Strawberry is naturally so delicious a fruit, that it seldom requires the art of the confectioner : : : : :

To make this compote, put the ſtrawberries in the compotiers, & pour over them a raspberry or currant jelly boiling hot. *It is then a custom to hide them.*

To be continued.



BOOKPLATE FOR A CHILD. A WOODCUT.



A YOUNG MAN, OLDER. A WOODCUT.



HEADPIECE.



A BOOKPLATE.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

A New Series of The Page will commence with the New Year, 1899.

The Page will then become a Quarterly Magazine, limited to 400 copies, each copy being numbered and offered to subscribers at Ten Shillings yearly subscription.

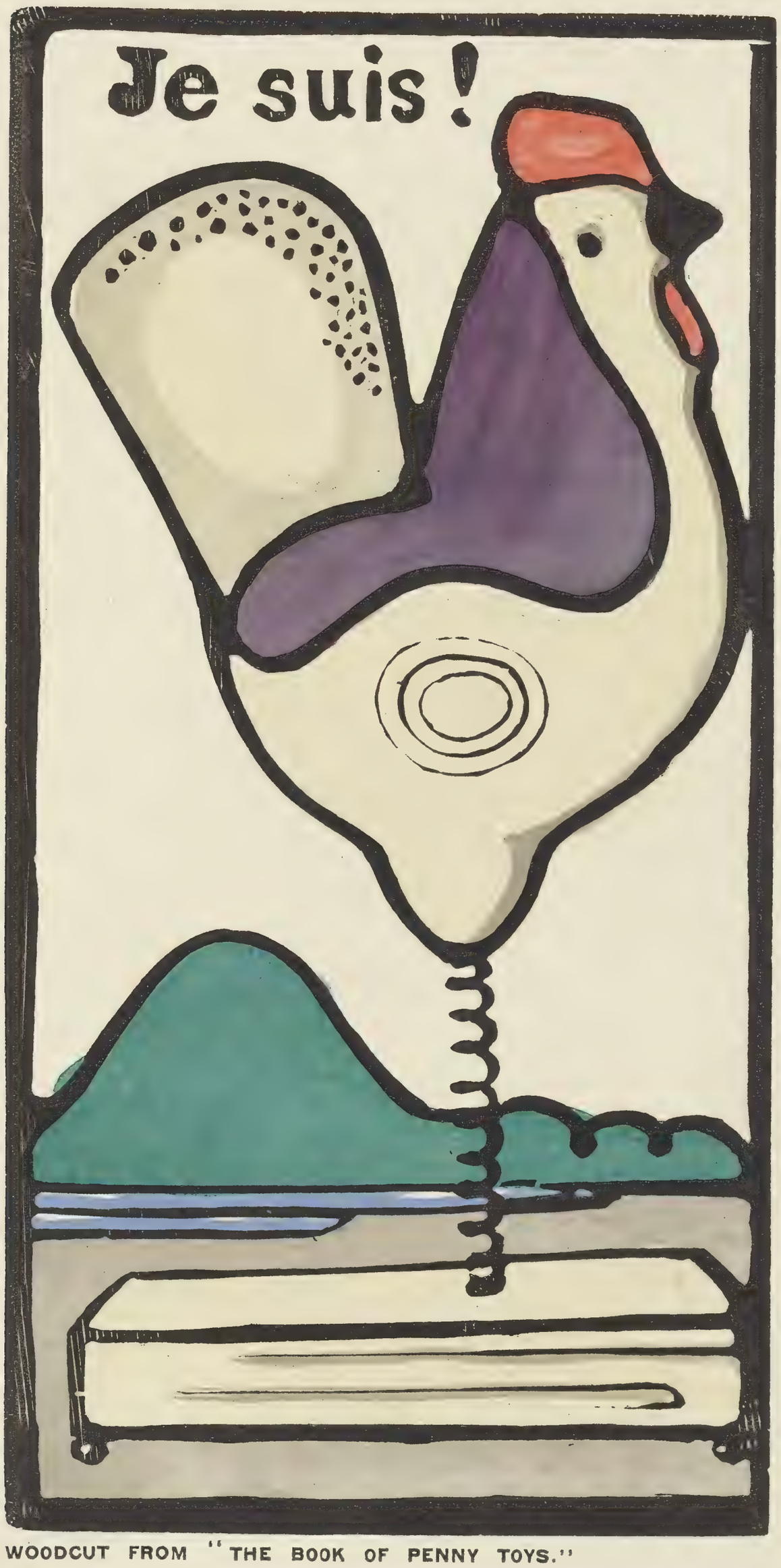
The Magazine will be enlarged and altered in many ways. It will contain eight to twelve original woodcuts or lithographs in each quarter, and considerably more letterpress. As the number of copies is very limited it will be well for those wishing to become subscribers to the New Series to fill in the enclosed Order Form and return it without delay to the Editor, at the Sign of the Rose, Hackbridge, Surrey, England.

VERSES FROM "THE BOOK OF PENNY TOYS." AN UNPUBLISHED FOLIO.

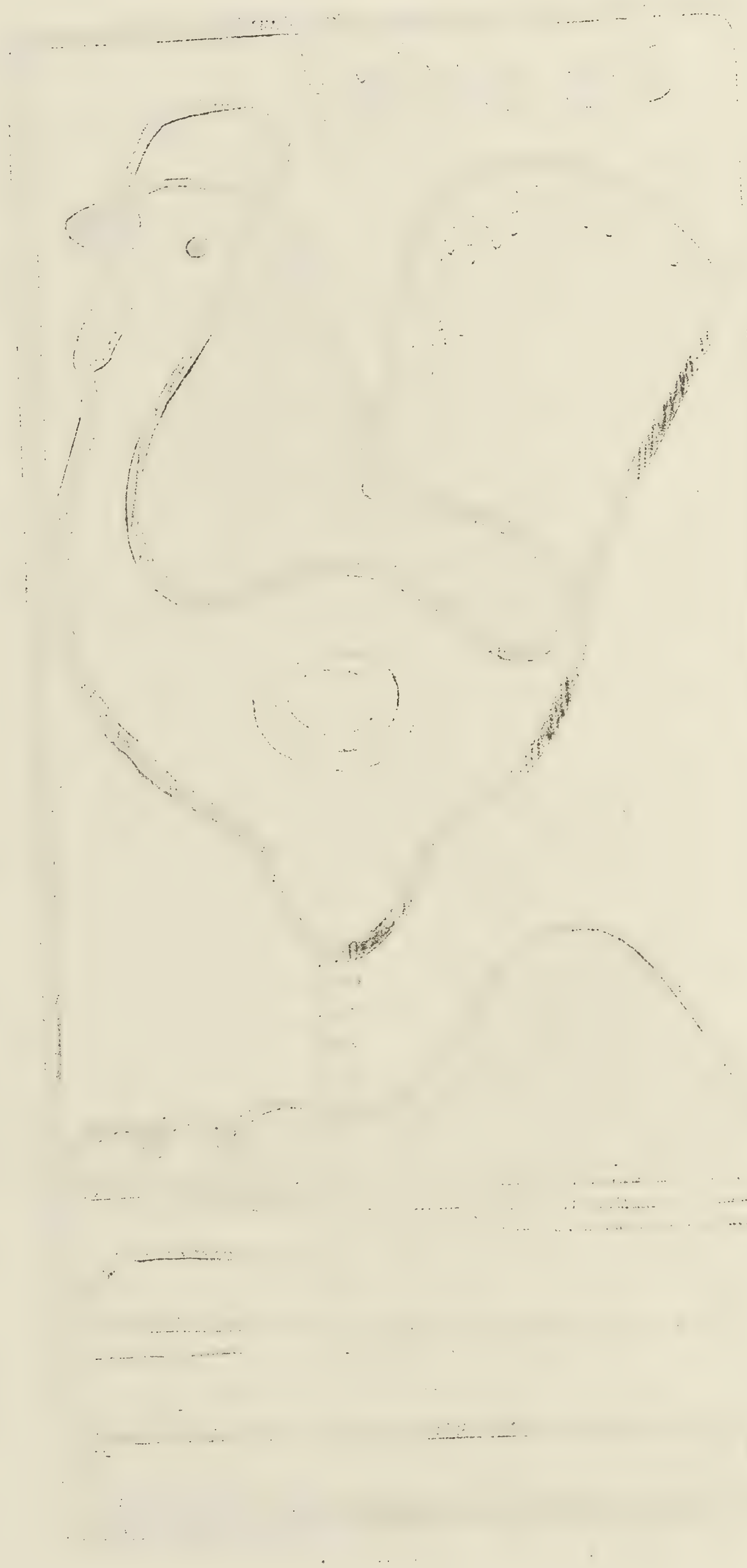
"THE COCK."

I'm made of wire
Up to the knee,
Paper up higher—
Je suis!

Full of importance—
Child! if you'd be
Worth one & fourpence,
Imitate me.



WOODCUT FROM "THE BOOK OF PENNY TOYS."



SCHOOL SCENES AT YASNAYA POLYANA. THE THIEF. CONTINUED.

While repairs were making in the building a Leyden jar was taken from the physical laboratory, pencils several times were missing, and also books, at a time when no carpenter or painter was at work. We questioned the boys. The best scholars, the first scholars at that time, old friends of ours, reddened and grew so confused that any magistrate would have been convinced that their confusion was proof positive of their guilt. But I could depend on them as upon myself, and comprehended that the mere thought of suspicion painfully wounded them. One lad, of a gifted and generous nature, turned quite white and burst into tears. They declared they would tell if they knew, but refused to search. After a few days the thief was detected—a lad belonging to a distant

village. He made an accomplice of a peasant lad from the same village, and together they secreted the stolen articles in a box. This discovery brought a strange feeling of relief and even pleasure among the scholars, and also of contempt and pity for the thieves. We imposed upon the boys the task of naming the punishment. Some wanted to have the thieves whipped by themselves; others proposed to ticket them—THIEF.

This was decided upon, and when one of the girls had embroidered it, all the scholars ridiculed the offenders. Then they proposed a harder punishment—to take them to the village and make an exhibition of them with their labels on during holiday time.

The offenders wept; the peasant lad, who had been led away by the other, a talented story-teller humorist, a fat little

snipper = snapper, cried as though his heart would break. The other, who had a nose like a hawk, with a sharp face, grew pale, trembled round the mouth, glared about wildly, and occasionally hid his face on account of the tears that were unnatural to him. But it seemed to me that from that time he began to degenerate in his studies, and was no longer seen to take part in the game and conversation of his fellows. TO BE CONTINUED



THE ORNAMENTAL CONFECTIONER. A WOODCUT.

CONCERNING CONFECTIONERY

BY GUGLIELMO JARRIN, ORNAMENTAL CONFECTIONER AT MESSRS. GUNTER'S, IN THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE FOURTH.

MOSS BISCUITS.

One pound of sweet almonds, five whites of eggs, and half = a = pound of sugar.

Pound your almonds very fine with the whites of eggs, add powder sugar, beat this well in your mortar to a stiff paste, then take it out and work it on a paste= board; roll it out, and cut it in pieces the size of a walnut; dip one end in some cochineal, and squeeze it through a wire sieve to the size of a halfpenny; fill your sieve, and let them hang down= wards as you push them; let them hang till dry enough to stand up stiff, and bake them on plates, with one sheet of paper under them, in a slack oven.

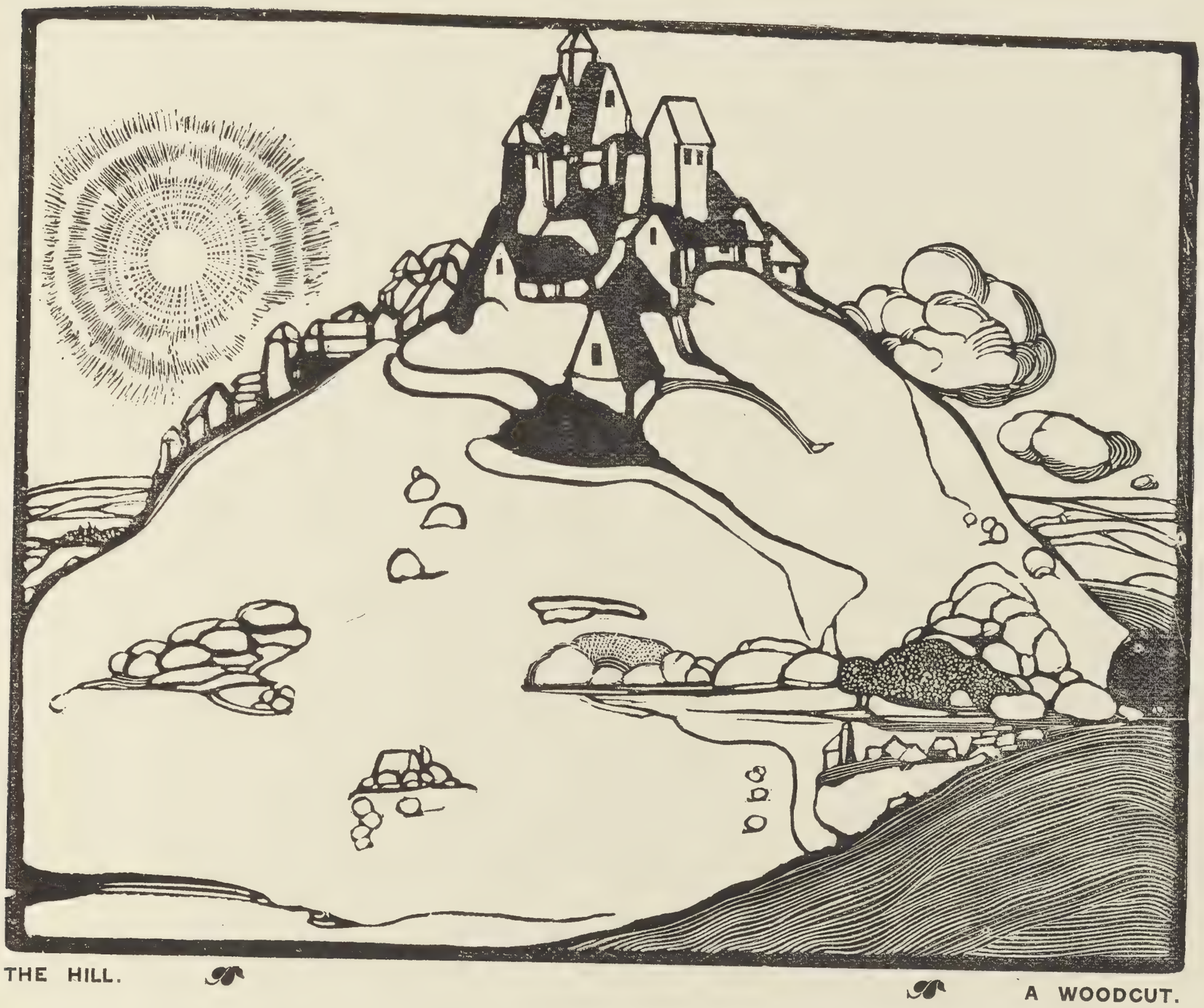
CHAMPAGNE BISCUITS.

One pound of fresh butter, one pound and a half of sugar, sixteen eggs, two pounds of flour. and about two ounces caraway seeds.

Break your eggs in a basin with the powder sugar, and stir the mixture quickly till it comes to a thick paste; as it will take a long time if not stirred very quickly when you begin, have your butter melted to a cream, and when the paste is quite thick stir it in; next stir in the flour and the caraway seeds. Put the biscuits in crinkled papers, afterwards on tins of the same shape as the papers, and then bake in a hot oven,



GEORGE FISH, ARCHITECT. 1799.



THE HILL.

A WOODCUT.

QUOTATIONS.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philoso=phers and divines. *EMERSON.*

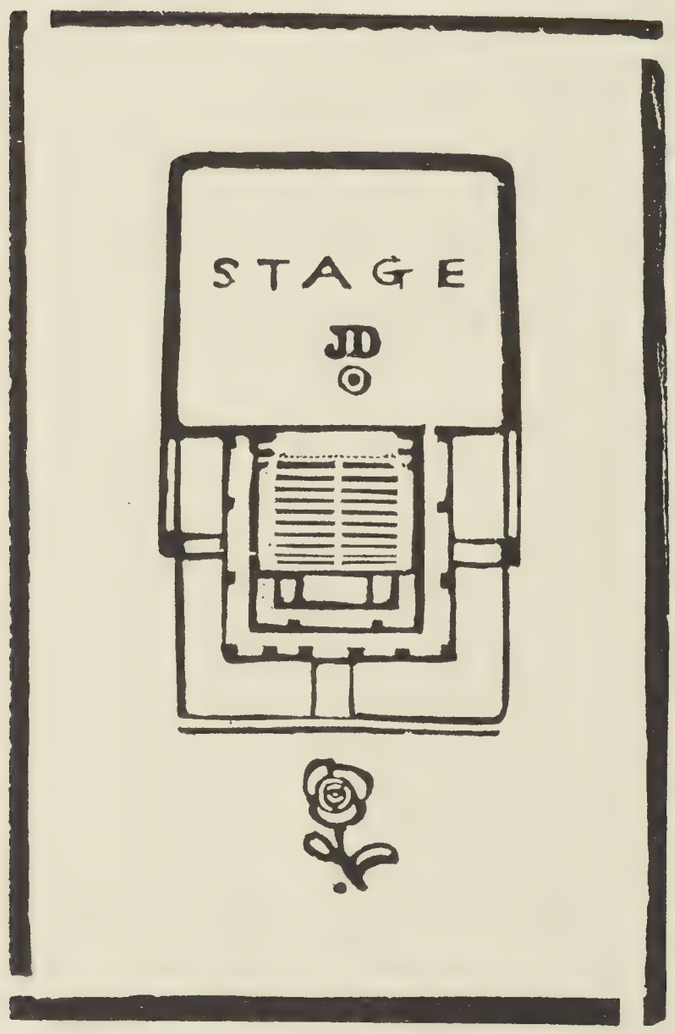
The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. *CARLYLE.*

One of the sayings of Diogenes was that most men were within a finger's breadth of being mad; for if a man walked with his middle finger pointing out, folks would think him mad, but not so if it were his fore=finger.

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places; and, handy=dandy, which is the justice, which is the the thief?

KING LEAR. SHAKESPEARE.

In one sense men are not fickle except in trifles. They change their clothes, their lan=guage, their habits, and sometimes their tastes; but they always preserve their evil inclinations, and are firm and constant in wrongdoing, and in their indifference to virtue. *LA BRUYÈRE.*



A BOOKPLATE.
A WOODCUT.

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IN THE PAGE FOR 1899 WILL APPEAR THE WORK OF THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS:—

JAMES PRYDE. MAX BEERBOHM.

WILL ROTHENSTEIN. S. M. FOX.

MARTIN SHAW. W. H. DOWNING.

OLIVER BATH. GORDON CRAIG,

AND OTHERS.



ROBERT MACAIRE. A WOODCUT

CONCERNING CONFECTIONERY,

BY GUGLIELMO JARRIN, ORNAMENTAL CONFECTIONER AT MESSRS. GUNTERS, IN THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE FOURTH.

RATAFIA OF RED PINKS.

Three pounds of pinks, ten pints of brandy, four pounds of sugar, one drachm of cloves, one drachm of cinnamon.

Pick off the green from your pinks, pound the leaves, and infuse them for a month in the brandy with the cloves and cinnamon. After this draw off the liquor and filter it.

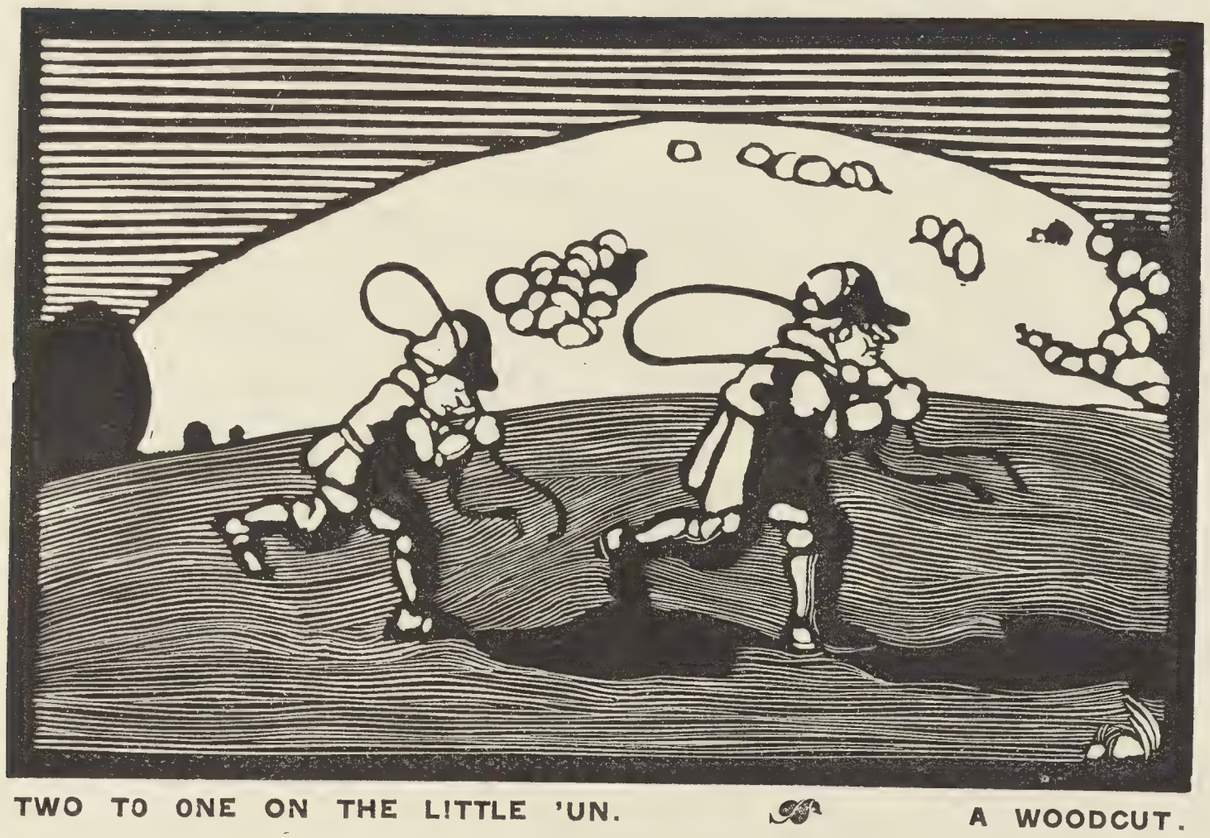
KIRCHEWASSER.

Take the head off a barrel, and fill it with small wild black cherries, picked from the stalks; cover them with plaster or mortar, and leave them for two months; then take them out and distil them, and they will furnish an excellent spirit when bottled and of some age.

A NOSEGAY IN CANDY.

Take young melons, about the size of an orange, cut them in slices, about a quarter of an inch thick, and peel them, taking care that the slices be round; avoid the inside, and make a complete circle. Put them into cold water, blanch them like other fruit, and put them again into cold water; when blanched, take out, and when dried, put them into a pan, and pour over them a sufficient quantity of clarified sugar to cover them. Your syrup must be light and lukewarm; put in a few cloves, nutmeg, and cinnamon; and, if you please a little vinegar, as the melon is extremely insipid. Drain them for five days, and put your syrup daily to boil, and skim it; the sixth day boil your syrup to a blow; put in your slices by sliding them in, let them boil over, take your pan from the fire, and with a fork put them in order on your gratings,

taking care to turn them when the surface is dry. Candy them as follows: (they should be as transparent as apple jelly;) take your candy moulds, prepared and filled with syrup as for the meteors, and the same degree of boiling; place your slices of melon side by side, and let them touch each other; get some liqueur drops of different colours, forming roses and other flowers (you must even use the pencil), small bits of sugar, grains of gum paste, pistachios shred, small threads of angelica, of cinnamon, and vanilla, extremely fine; all these small articles must form little nosegays by placing them in the centres of each circle of melon on the prepared syrup. You may have small knots of ribbon (made in a mould, engraved on wood), to form the nosegay, and tie it; thus prepared, put them into the stove, and finish like the other candies: you will have the prettiest candy possible.



TWO TO ONE ON THE LITTLE 'UN. A WOODCUT.



MASTER BETTY
AS "MACBETH."

QUOTATIONS.

He would be the finer gentleman that should leave the world without having tasted of lying or pretence of any sort, or of wantonness or conceit.

Marcus Aurelius.

If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him.

Emerson.

It is held to be a good taunt, and somehow or other to clinch the question logically, when an old gentleman waggles his head and says: "Ah! so I thought when I was your age." It is not thought an answer at all if the younger retorts: "My venerable sir, so I shall probably think when I am yours." And yet the one is as good as the other: pass for pass, tit for tat, a Roland for an Oliver. In short, if youth is not quite right in its opinions, there is a strong probability that age is not much more so.

R. L. Stevenson.



THE PROVINCES. A WOODCUT.



THE BICYCLE THIEF. A WOODCUT

SCHOOL SCENES AT YASNAYA, POLYANA.

CONTINUED.

One day when I went in to class, all the scholars told me with horror that he had stolen twenty kopeks, and that he was caught hiding the money under the stairs. Again we decorated him with the label—again the same ugly scene. I lectured him. Now as I was, compared to him, merely a grown=up boy, a chatterer, I began to lecture him, repeating words such as he had without doubt heard before from his father. "It's no good," he said, coldly, "I have stolen once—twice—it has become a habit." I grew vexed, then angry against him. But as I looked into the culprit's face, which had become harder, paler, and more pas=sionately wretched than ever, I seemed to see the face of a convict, and it seemed to me all wrong and odious, and I took off the stupid label and told him to go wherever he pleased. I suddenly felt the conviction, in my whole being that I had no right to

punish this innocent lad, and that it was not in my power to make of him what I wished. I felt a conviction that there are secrets of the soul hidden from us by which life, and not regulations and punishments, may be formed. And what was his crime? He had stolen a book,—by what a long complicated process of feelings, thoughts, mistaken judgments he was induced to take a book that did not belong to him, and hide it in his box, and I fasten a label to him with the word THIEF on it, which means something quite different. Why? To punish him by making him ashamed, some will say. Why? What is shame? And have I any proof that the shame will put an end to his desire to steal? Perhaps it may even strengthen it—what was expressed in his face was very likely. Not shame at all: but something entirely different, that might have been always latent in his face, and would have been better never to have been brought out.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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There will be twelve Large Paper Copies of The Page, ten of which are for sale. All the Blocks printed on fine paper, mounted, and hand-coloured. The price of this Edition for 1899 is Ten Guineas net.

SIGN OF THE ROSE, HACKBRIDGE, SURREY.



A WOODCUT.



LITTLE GIRL WITH A DOLL. A WOODCUT.



BOOKPLATE. A WOODCUT.
PROPERTY OF MISS KATIE BLACK.

TO MAKE POT POURRI.

Put the following ingredients in layers into a china bowl, with bay salt strewed between the layers: — Two pecks of damask roses, part in buds and part blown; violets, orange-flowers, and jasmine, a handful of each; two ounces of orrice root sliced, two of benjamin and storax; a quarter of a pound of angelica root sliced; a quart of the red part of clove gillyflowers; two handfuls of lavender flowers; half a handful of rosemary flowers; half a handful each of bay and laurel leaves; three Seville oranges, stuck as full of cloves as possible, dried in a cool oven and pounded; half a handful of knotted marjoram; and two handfuls of balm of Gilead dried. Cover all quite close. When the pot is uncovered the perfume is very fine,



THE PLOT.

A WOODCUT



ROBERT BRIQUET. A WOODCUT

QUOTATIONS.

WALT WHITMAN, 1855.

Self-reliant, with haughty eyes, assuming to himself all the attributes of his country, steps Walt Whitman into literature, talking like a man unaware that there was ever hitherto such a production as a book, or such a being as a writer. Every move of him has the free play of the muscle of one who never knew what it was to feel that he stood in the presence of a superior. Every word that falls from his mouth shows silent disdain and defiance of the old theories and forms. Every phrase announces new laws; not once do his lips unclose except in conformity with them. With light and rapid touch he first indicates in prose the principles of the foundation of a race of poets so deeply to spring from the American people, that their Presidents shall not be the common referees so much as that great race of poets shall. He proceeds to exemplify this new school, and set models for their expression and range of subjects.

He makes audacious and native use of his own body and soul. He must recreate poetry with the elements always at hand.

He must imbue it with himself as he is—disorderly, fleshy, and sensual, a lover of things, yet a lover of men and women above the whole of the other objects of the universe. His work is to be achieved by unusual methods. Neither classic nor romantic is he, nor a materialist any more than a spiritualist.

The Poems of the "Leaves of Grass" are twelve in number. Walt Whitman at first proceeds to put his own body and soul into the new versification:—

"I celebrate myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me, as good belongs to you."

He leaves houses and their shuttered rooms, for the open air. He drops disguise and ceremony, and walks forth with the confidence and gaiety of a child. For the old decorums of writing he substitutes his own decorums. The first glance out of his

eyes electrifies him with love and delight. He will have the earth receive and return his affection; he will stay with it as the bridegroom stays with the bride. The cool=breathed ground, the slumbering and liquid trees, the just=gone sunset, the vitreous pour of the full moon, the tender and growing night, he salutes and touches, and they touch him. The sea supports him, and hurries him off with its powerful and crooked fingers. Dash me with amorous wet! then, he says, I can repay you. The rules of polite circles are dismissed with scorn. Your stale modesties, he seems to say, are filthy to such a man as I.

"I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
Seeing, hearing and feeling are miracles, and
each part and tag of me is a miracle."

No skulker or tea=drinking poet is Walt Whitman. He will bring poems to fill the days and nights—fit for men and women with the attributes of throbbing blood and flesh. The body, he teaches, is beautiful. Sex is also beautiful. Are you to be put down, he seems to ask, to that shallow level of literature and conversation that

stops a man's recognizing the delicious pleasures of his sex, or a woman hers? Nature, he proclaims, inherently clean. Sex will not be put aside; it is a great ordination of the universe.

Come, he seems to say, leave all the preaching and teaching of others, and mind only these words of mine.

"Long have you dreamed contemptible dreams,
Now I wash the gum from your eyes,
You must habit yourself to the dazzle of the light and of every moment of your life.

Long have you timidly waded, holding a plank by the shore,
Now I will you to be a bold swimmer,
To jump off into the midst of the sea, and rise again and nod to me and shout, and laughingly dash with your hair.

I am the teacher of athletes.
He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width of my own,
He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher.

The boy I love, the same becomes a man,
Not through derived power but in his own right,
Wicked, rather than virtuous, out of conformity or fear,
Fond of his sweetheart, relishing well his steak,
Unrequited love or a slight cutting him worse than a wound cuts,
First rate to ride, to fight, to hit the bull's eye, to sail a skiff, to sing a song, or play on the banjo,
Preferring scars and faces pitted with smallpox over all latherers and those that keep out of the sun.

I teach straying from me, yet who can stray from me?
I follow you whoever you are from the present hour;
My words itch at your ears till you understand them.

I do not say these things for a dollar, or to fill up the time while I wait for a boat;
(It is you talking just as much as myself, I act as the tongue of you,
It was tied in your mouth, in mine it begins to be loosened.)"

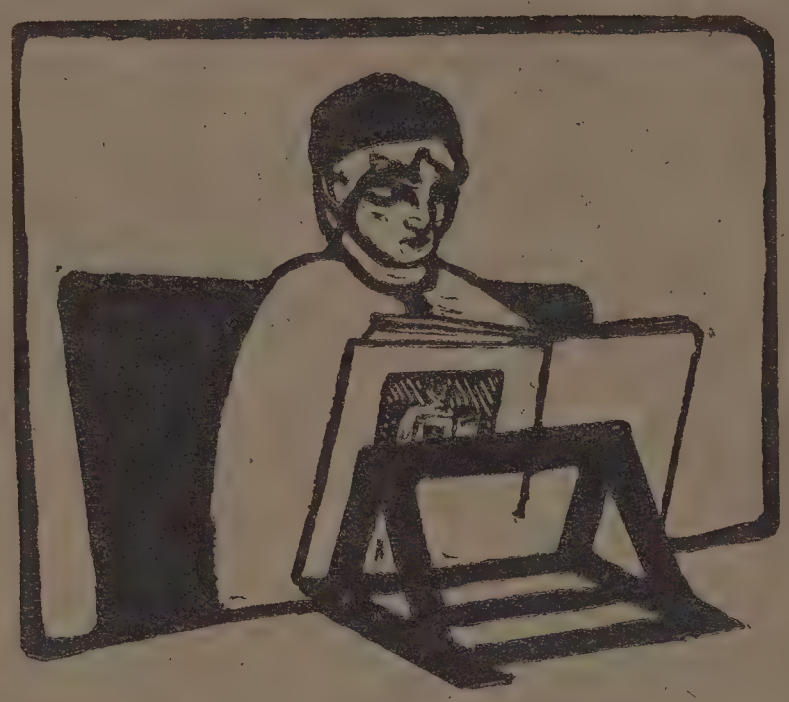
The eleven other poems have each distinct purposes, curiously veiled. This is no writer to be gone through with in a day or a month. Rather it is his pleasure to elude you and provoke you for deliberate purposes of his own.

His scope of life is the amplest of any yet in philosophy. He is the true spiritualist. He recognizes no annihilation, or death, or loss of identity. He is the largest lover and sympathiser that has appeared in literature.

Here ends the first volume of The Page, published in aid of the League of Pity. The New Series for 1899 will be published in a less heroic spirit, and will try to aid itself before attempting to be of use to others.

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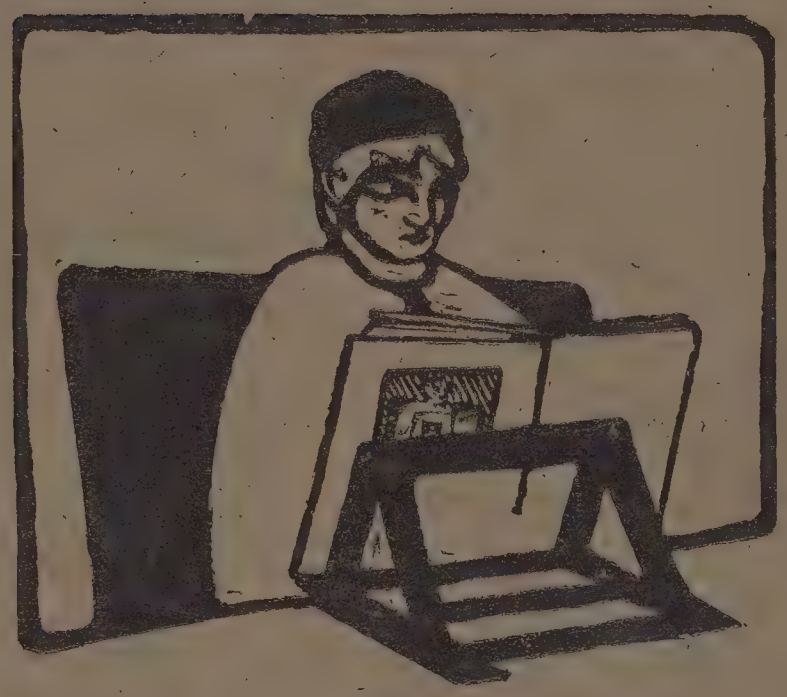
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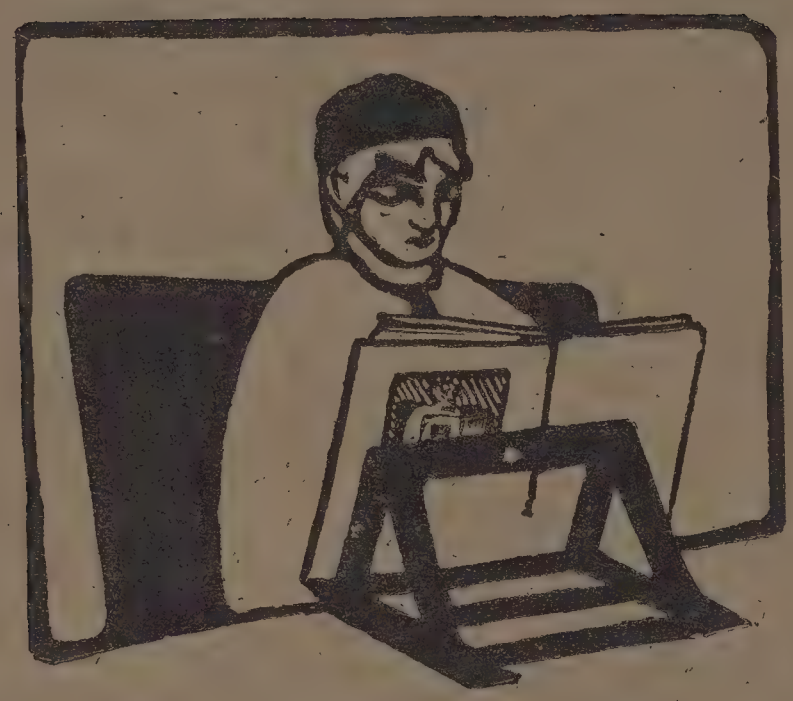
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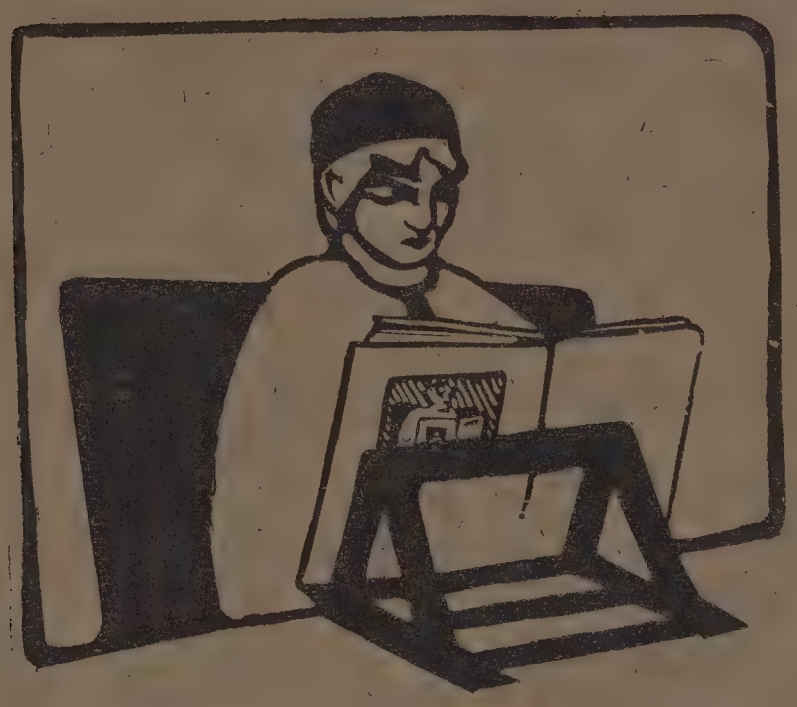
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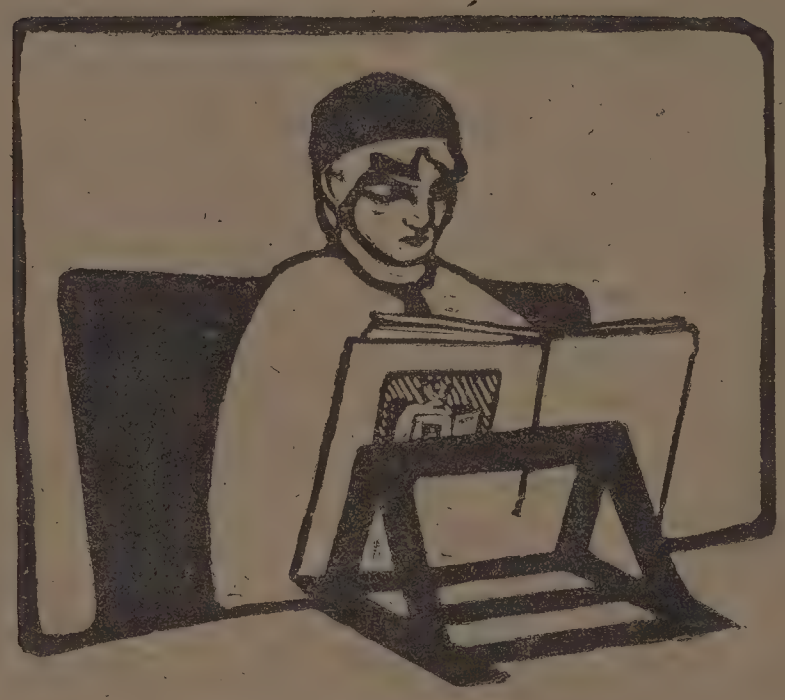
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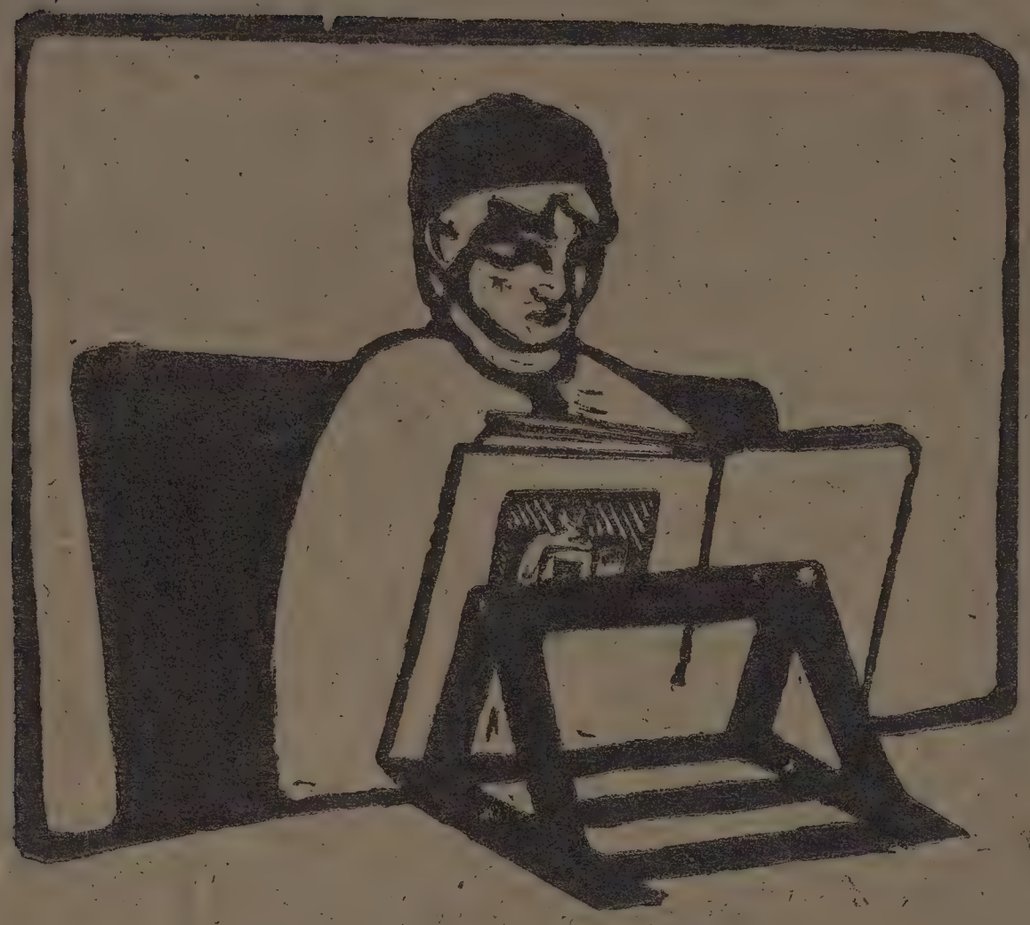
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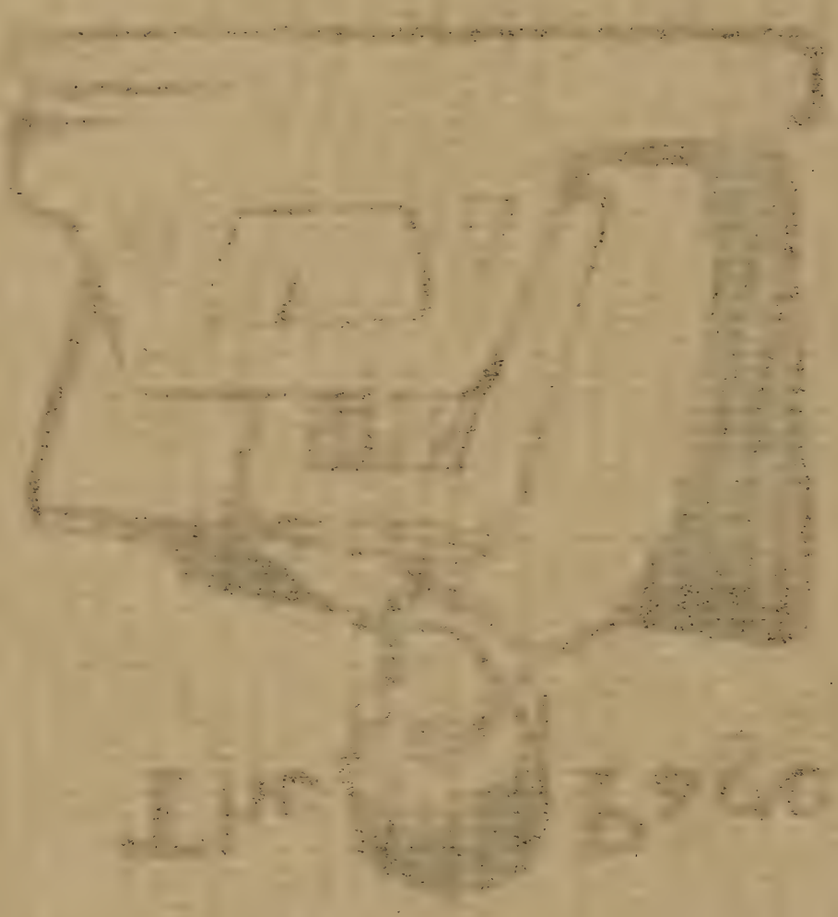


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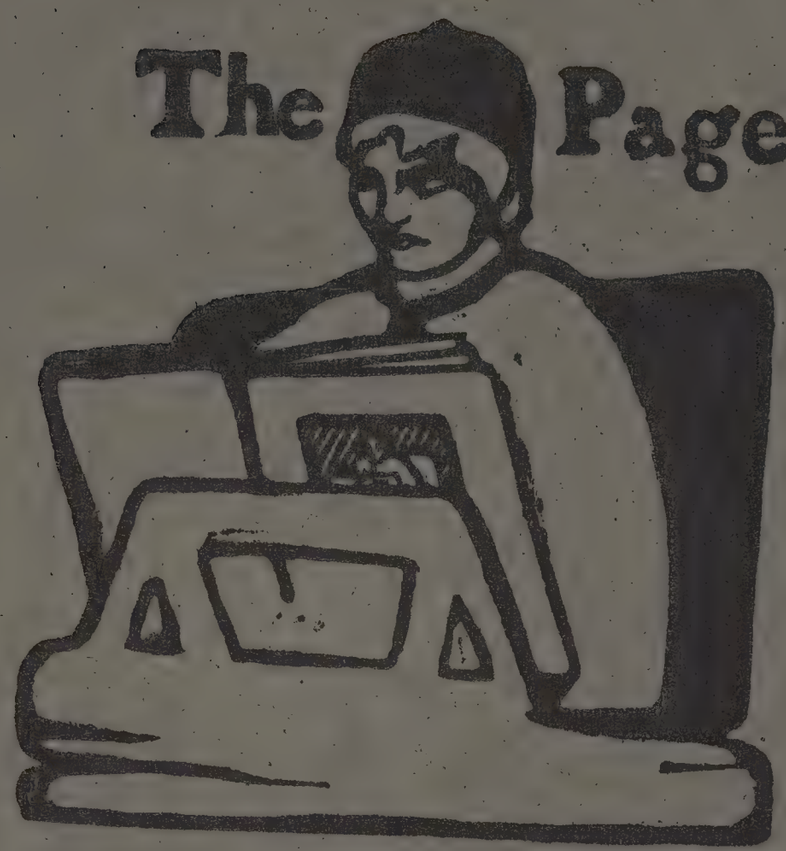


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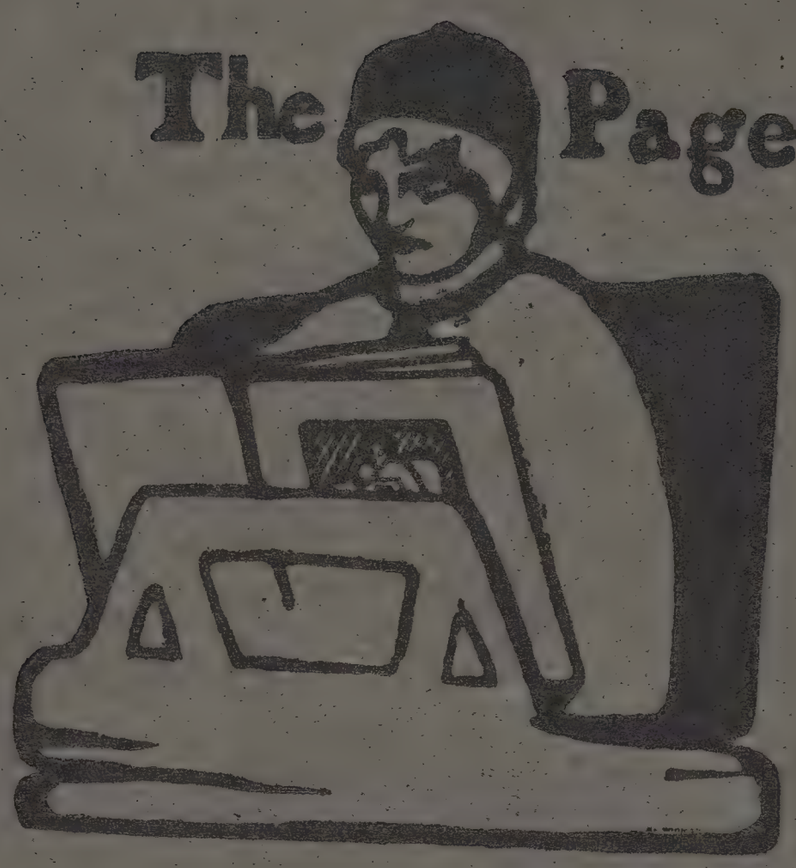
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